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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1929

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Rajput and Brahman in Buddha's Day

THE understanding of Buddhism by Western scholars is in general marked by certain limitations. To begin with, they are inclined to lay too much stress on what may be called the negative aspect of the Buddha's teaching, as, for example, when they represent that great Teacher as denying the existence of the soul, or the existence of a Divine Principle in the universe. The deeply misleading term, Nihilism, has been applied by certain of these Western students of Pali to the Buddha's doctrine, and they have described Nirvana as unconditional death.

The view that the Buddha denied the existence of a soul in man turns on the misunderstanding, and therefore the mistranslation, of the Pali word Atta, which is a softened dialect form of the Sanskrit Atma. But besides the change of form, there is also, between Sanskrit and Pali, a profound change of meaning. It is true that in Sanskrit the word Atma covers a wide range, beginning as a simple pronoun, "oneself," the habitual personality, often including the body, and ranging upward through ascending stages of self-identification, and, in the great Upanishads, signifying the Higher Self, and, finally, the Supreme Self of all beings. A careful study of the Pali records of the Buddha's discourses indicates that, philosophically, the word Atta had suffered from the downward tendency which affected all India after the great war of the *Mahabharata*, when Kali Yuga, the Age of Evil, began. As the knowledge of the Divine Mysteries was steadily contracted within a narrowing circle of Initiates, and, it should be added, as able Brahmans, intellectually rather than spiritually developed, gained a steadily increasing influence in the religious life of India, mystical and philosophical conceptions were narrowed, and grand principles were hardened into dogmas. The word Atma shared the general fate, with the result that, in the Buddha's day, the conception had become intellectualized, and the noble intuitional ideal of the Divine Self had been replaced by an image, firmly rooted in the mind, of a "self" limited and set apart from the great total of Being, with definite

boundaries, even when it was described as infinite and everlasting. This steady concentration of thought on a "self" which was in reality only a mental image, gave rise to a type of intellectual egotism that was a far more serious barrier in the way to true spiritual progress than the passional egotism of the man of desire, since this more dynamic egotism may rend itself apart and burn out through its very intensity. Intellectual egotism may, and often does, co-exist with all the outward forms of virtue and purity; it may be the source of characteristics, in appearance seemingly excellent, and yet devoid of true spiritual life, because their root is poisoned; or, to put the matter in another way, these "virtues" can develop only up to a certain point because there is a deep-seated conviction of limitation behind them, which eternally blocks their expansion toward the great Liberation.

Certain of the Buddha's discourses, as recorded by his disciples, make it clear that this intellectualizing of the "self" prevailed among the Brahmans, both those who lived a worldly life under the protection of the princes, and those who, following the old tradition of renunciation, had abandoned worldly life and had become homeless ascetics, often practising bodily and mental mortifications of extreme severity, and carrying them on for years, with persevering honesty.

If we grasp this progressive intellectualization and hardening of the idea of "self", we shall find in it the clue to many different sides of the Buddha's teaching. To begin with, we shall see clearly that the presence of this obsessing thought in the minds of those who were in other ways fitted to become his disciples, made it necessary for the Buddha, as a preliminary, to break up this mental image once and for all, and, consequently, to over-emphasize and over-state the unreality of "self", thus lending colour to the view taken by Western scholars, that the Buddha flatly denied the existence of the soul. One is led to believe that the great Teacher clearly saw that, until this inner idol was broken to atoms, there could be no beginning of spiritual life; any seeming beginning would be a false dawn, a danger, not a real progress. He further saw, we may believe, that those who successfully passed through this shattering of the interior image of "self", would in due course enter the silence beyond the storm, and that the dawn of the true Self within their hearts would supply the positive truth, the supplement of his initial negative teaching.

There are many recorded conversations of the Buddha with learned and distinguished Brahmans, both wealthy landowners and homeless ascetics, which are fully intelligible only when we have grasped this clue of the intellectualization and hardening of the idea of "self". But in reality the problem is not limited to distorted philosophical views and the need of controverting them. The tendency which carried the Brahman type of intellect so far in this direction, was strongly operative in other ways also. Rightly to understand them, and to see how they affected the life of India then, as they affect it to-day, we must consider the history of the Brahmans through many millenniums. And it may be said in passing that the contraction of these long millenniums into brief centuries by Western scholars, under the influence

of a distorted dogmatic chronology, has immensely complicated the problem of Indian history, including the spiritual history of that ancient land.

While there has been race mixture among the Brahmans, they remain to-day, as they were millenniums ago, distinctly a white race; Brahmans of pure ethnical type sometimes have blue eyes, showing an ancient connection with the white-skinned, blue-eyed races of more Northern lands. Indeed, both tradition and the evidence of the oldest hymns indicate that the Brahmans, or the white race from which the Brahmans originated, entered India from the North, at a period immensely remote. It seems also certain that they were already in possession of what, for lack of a better name, may be described as a "magical" system, in part embodied in the chanting of the Vedic hymns; and that these hymns, or, rather, their manner of chanting them, represented a knowledge of magical powers, of "occult" forces, depending on the correlations of sounds and tones with forces in Nature which may be described generally as "etheric" or "electrical". If this be true, then the Vedic "divinities", the Fire-lord, the Wind-lord, and the rest of the Vedic hierarchies, were personifications of cosmic "electrical" forces, such as the science of to-day is beginning to reveal; and the "incantations" represent the technical method of controlling these forces.

There are indications that this science of subtiler substances, of "celestial" electricity and magnetism, was a part of a more comprehensive science, mystical and spiritual in the fullest sense, possessed by the ancestors of the white Brahmans long ages before they crossed the Himalayas and entered India by the North-western passes; and that much of the deeper and more spiritual part of this ancient wisdom had become obscured, so far as the majority of that white race was concerned, before they crossed the Himalayan snows. The causes of this obscuration are hidden from us in an immensely remote past, but we can trace some of its effects. Indeed, these effects are clearly brought to light and underlined in certain significant passages of the great Upanishads. To make the matter concrete, we may say that the Brahmanical teaching, as represented by the hymns of the Rig Veda, does not contain, or, at any rate, does not reveal, the heart of the Mystery teaching: namely, the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation. The life beyond death, as set forth in this oldest Brahmanical system, pictures an under-world very like that of Babylonia: a limbo of shades, the wraiths of deceased ancestors, who were in danger of perishing from inanition unless they received yearly offerings of food from their descendants, in the Shrāddha sacrifice. At this point, two thoughts suggest themselves: first, that this view of the life after death is a shadowy memory of a fuller version of the Mystery teaching, such as we have supposed the remote trans-Himalayan ancestors of these white Brahmans of Upper India to have possessed millenniums earlier. This is suggested by the fact that these partial and limited beliefs will yield a consistent and much more spiritual meaning, if interpreted according to the principles of symbolism which run through the great Upanishads. To illustrate: the departed "shades" must be nourished by offerings of food made by their children and

grand-children; interpreted according to the principles of symbolism, this has at least two meanings. First, the "descendants" are future lives, future incarnations of the individuality; if spiritual progress gained in one life is to be maintained, this can only be done through sacrifice and effort carried forward in life after life. Again, the "descendant", the personal man, must ceaselessly offer sacrifice, if the higher, spiritual man is to be strengthened and sustained. On the one hand, then, there are perpetual suggestions of an inner, deeply spiritual meaning within the traditional Brahmanical doctrines, a meaning going back to a primeval Mystery doctrine in the fullest import of that term. On the other hand, there are clear indications that, at least for the great majority of the white race of the Brahmans, when they entered India, that meaning had been largely obscured. The technical method of effective "incantation" had been preserved, and a clearly marked type of intelligence, capable of wonderful development, had likewise been preserved, as both technical method and intelligence are preserved among the Brahmans to the present day.

Western scholars have traced with some fulness the meeting of these white invaders with older Indian races, especially with the yellow races now called Kolarian, dwelling mainly in the central belt of mountains, and the Dravidians, so called also in ancient times, who are the very dark races of Southern India, possibly remnants of an older Lemuria, like the Melanesians of the New Guinea region. This concussion of the white race with older yellow or black races has been clearly seen by our scholars; there are records of black Dasyus, and of yellow Dasyus, in the Vedic books. But in the ancient Sanskrit books there are equally clear records of yet another race, namely, the red Rajput race, which is by no means so clearly recognized by Western scholars. Yet the Sanskrit texts are explicit. The *Mahabharata* says that "the colour of the Brahman is white; the colour of the Kshatriya (Rajput) is red"; and, that there may be no obscurity, no supposition that these words are symbolical, describing moral qualities only, the word "red" is expanded into "red-limbed" (*rakta-anga*). Besides *rakta*, a second word for "red" is used, *lohita*, which means the colour of fresh iron rust. And, lest the matter should still remain in doubt, keen and able observers who know the Rajputs of pure race in their own Rajputana, tell us that these Rajputs are to-day exactly what the *Mahabharata* said they were millenniums ago: namely, red-limbed, a red race, distinguished from the white Brahmans by skin-colour and by a series of associated ethnical characteristics.

Once we clearly grasp the ethnical, physical distinction between the white Brahmans and the red Rajputs, we have taken the first step toward unravelling the tangled skein of ancient Indian history; if we follow the clues thus found, we shall be better able, on the one hand, to understand the attitude of the Buddha toward the Brahmans of his day, and also, perhaps, to gain some insight into the account outstanding between the Rajputs and the Brahmans of our own day, with the future possibilities which these differences imply.

There are no indications that the red Rajputs were a part of the Northern

race which crossed the Himalayas; for one thing, there are clear indications of white races, but not of red races, in Central Asia, from which these white invaders proximately came. But there were red races in ancient Egypt. The red granite of the Egyptian statues may have been chosen, not only for its excellent lasting qualities, but because it well represented the skin-colour of the ancient Egyptian race, as contrasted with whiter limestone or marble. This likeness of skin-colour may suggest an ethnical kinship between the ancient Egyptians and the remoter ancestors of the great races of Rajputana, whose pure descendants are a red race to-day. The symbol of the "eye of Osiris" has been found in Mesopotamia, probably carried thither by colonists from Egypt, and there is no difficulty in supposing that another larger colony may have reached the mouth of the Indus, the Western doorway of Rajputana, many millenniums ago.

Whatever their earlier home, the Rajputs as described in the *Mahabharata*, belong to a red-limbed, fighting race, clearly distinguished from the white Brahmans. But, to gain a full comprehension of the line of demarcation between these two great races, we must go to the far older Upanishads, and, in particular, to a vitally important passage, more than once translated and discussed, which reveals the true relation between Rajput and Brahman at a decisive point in the history of India.

Without repeating that story, we may say that it puts on record three profoundly important truths. The first of these, dramatically and also very humorously set forth, is, that at that immensely remote time, the Brahmans, here represented by a humble father and a conceited son, already possessed the Three Vedas, namely, the Rig Veda of the hymns, the Yajur Veda of the formulæ of sacrifice, and the Sama Veda of incantations; the three together constituting the practical method of using the command of cosmic "etheric" forces which was the hereditary treasure of the Brahmans. It seems further clear that the ability to operate these "etheric" forces through the rites which may broadly be described as "sacrificial ceremonies", gave the Brahmans their power and prestige, and led to their being employed (as "celestial electricians," if the expression be permitted) by rich princes and landowners, who thereupon bestowed largesse upon the successful operators, gifts of cattle and gold. The Brahmans of that earliest period of the Upanishads were thus in full possession of an ancient literary and ceremonial culture, which conferred definite and valuable powers over what may be called ethereal natural forces; this knowledge being an heirloom, what remained of the far more comprehensive knowledge of the Mysteries which their remote ancestors had possessed in some region of Central Asia, north of the Himalayas; a land that may then have flowed with milk and honey, but which slowly and steadily deteriorated under the influence of those far-reaching climatic changes that have made an arid desert of so much of Inner Asia, where streams flow down from the snow-clad mountains, to lose themselves in sandy wastes, and never reach the sea. It is altogether likely that this climatic deterioration of a once fertile region was the cause of the southward emigration of the white race,

whose arrival on the upper Indus marked the beginning of a new epoch in the history of most ancient India.

The second truth which emerges from the Upanishad story is that, while the Brahmans were in full and effective possession of this hereditary scientific and literary lore, they quite certainly did not possess, as a class or race, the far more vital knowledge of the Great Mysteries, and, in particular, a knowledge of the twin doctrines which are the heart of the Mysteries: the doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation. When the youth, "conceited, vain of his learning and proud," was asked five questions by the Rajput King—questions which quite clearly imply these twin doctrines, and which were, in fact, transparent leading questions—he failed completely to answer them; in his own words, "The Rajput asked me five questions; I did not know even one of them." If, as has been suggested, the remote trans-Himalayan ancestors of these Brahmans had of old possessed a full knowledge of the Mysteries, of necessity including these twin doctrines, then we are compelled to come to the conclusion that, at the time of the earliest and greatest of the Upanishads, the descendants of the white invaders of India, though retaining a partial knowledge of the Mysteries, with the effective mastery of etheric, electrical forces, had so completely forgotten the more spiritual side of that knowledge, that they altogether failed to recognize its central truths, even when laid before them in an almost transparent disguise.

The third of the three truths revealed by this ancient Upanishad story is the most important; it is the clue to the whole subsequent history of India, spiritual and political, through the millenniums down to the Buddha's day, and onward to the present and the still unrevealed future. It is that, while the Brahmans, father and son, though masters of the "magical" lore of the Three Vedas, yet admitted frankly that they were wholly ignorant of the heart of the Mysteries, on the other hand, the red Rajputs, represented by King Pravāhana, were in full possession of that deeper teaching. More than that, the text clearly implies that they had possessed this treasure for ages, and that it had been handed down in regular succession of Teacher and disciple in the Rajput race. This is explicitly brought out in the famous commentary attributed to the great Brahman Shankaracharya, who here uses the term *guru-parampara*, the technical meaning of which is the chain, or apostolic succession, of Teacher and disciple, through which a spiritual teaching is handed down from century to century.

Finally, we have the practical conclusion of this deeply significant story. On the occasion there described, the elder of the two Brahmans, because of his great humility and aspiration, was initiated into the Mystery teaching hereditary among the Rajputs, but which, as the texts explicitly record, "had never before been given to any Brahman." Here, then, is the key to all the later history of India, through the period of the Great War, the time of the Buddha's teaching, the later centuries of conflict between Brahman and Buddhist, and the whole modern period, as well as centuries yet to come.

The Brahman race had a great heredity, and possessed, and still possesses,

remarkable gifts. If the supposition be correct, that their remote trans-Himalayan ancestors were in full possession of the Greater Mysteries, a knowledge still testified to, by the probable symbolic meaning of the Rig Veda hymns, then this would mean an hereditary capacity for spiritual learning, which, even after the earlier knowledge of the Mysteries had been obscured, or even completely forgotten, would make it far easier for them to attain this spiritual knowledge, than would be the case with races possessing no such spiritual heredity. Yet it would also seem that the ancient tendency to obscuration would also of necessity be operative, and, in certain circumstances, might once again obscure or deflect the regained treasure of wisdom.

Both tendencies seem to have come into operation. It is certain, on the one hand, that the Brahmans, once the secret wisdom had been imparted to them by the Rajputs, made great efforts to assimilate that secret wisdom, and, on the whole, with remarkable success. The immense development of the philosophical systems of India, and in particular the system of the Vedanta, embodied in the Brahma Sutras and their commentaries, is sufficient evidence of this success. Yet in these highly philosophical systems, and even in the later Vedanta, the second tendency, the darkening of wisdom, is also evident. Intellect gained a remarkable development, but at the expense of intuition; or, to put the matter more definitely, the powers of transcendental reasoning were developed, rather than the far deeper powers of the awakened spiritual will. Brilliant knowledge took the place of real spiritual attainment, and, too often, the possessors of this intellectual brilliance devoted their powers, not to gaining spiritual growth, but to confuting their opponents. It thus comes that so many of the Sanskrit commentaries, whether of the Vedanta, the Sankhya, or the Yoga Sutras, are remarkable examples of intellectual gymnastics, rather than revelations of vital, spiritual realities. But it should be added that at every period there must have been Brahmans who overcame the defects of their qualities, and made a wiser use of their great hereditary gifts, and of the rich spiritual treasure which they had received from the Rajputs through King Pravāhana.

This deeply rooted tendency toward intellectualizing and crystallizing spiritual truth marks the whole history of the Brahmans. Something was said at the outset concerning its part in the days of the Buddha. But it is clear that such a fundamental misdirection of spiritual power as is involved in the over-intellectualizing of spiritual truths, would be certain to react strongly upon the moral nature. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the inherent tendency which, on the one hand, expressed itself in this intellectualizing, would be certain to express itself also in the moral nature, both on higher and on lower levels of that nature. On the lower level, its expression would be worldly ambition, the love of power, of wealth, the desire for rich possessions and for distinction, a deep and continued enjoyment of recognition and respect, from prince and peasant alike. This tendency to make spiritual gifts bear material dividends was, in fact, widely in evidence in the Brahmans of the Buddha's day. It was, indeed, in full play ages earlier, and a number

of ironical stories in the great Upanishads turn precisely on this Brahmanical weakness. Yet this worldliness was more or less on the surface of the moral nature. Far deeper, and therefore far more dangerous, was its inner counterpart, a form of spiritual ambition and arrogance, which might easily comport with the possession of great "virtues", ascetic rigours, bodily and even psychical purity; yet the whole edifice built upon a false and dangerous foundation of spiritual pride, and an exclusiveness which, shutting out other, less gifted human beings, at the same time and by the same tendency shut out any fuller revelation of the Logos, thus barring the way to the true path of Liberation.

If we keep these historical and spiritual considerations clearly in view, we shall be able to understand in detail the recorded relations of the Buddha with the Brahmans of his day, both the rich, worldly possessors of the Three Vedas, and the exceedingly dogmatic ascetics, depicted in so many of the Pali discourses. On the one hand, we shall be able to see why the Buddha devoted so much time and effort to rebuking and diminishing the spiritual pride and arrogance of the Brahmans, and to understand his repeated insistence on the higher rank and more ancient origin of the Kshatriyas (Rajputs); on the other hand, it will be clear that, granted the distinguished spiritual hereditary and inborn gifts of the Brahman race, the Buddha was fully justified, indeed, compelled, to make special efforts to enlist the best of the Brahmans among his disciples. One may say that he had set his heart on "converting" the Brahmans from intellectual brilliance to spiritual attainment; that he strove continuously to induce these Brahmans to become once more the disciples of the great Mysteries that, for long ages, had been the hereditary possession of the Rajputs. If he had fully succeeded in this great effort, we may well believe that the whole future history of India, and of the Eastern world, would have been transformed, in part counteracting the dark influences of Kali Yuga, and bringing a return of the Golden Age.

There were "conversions" among the Brahmans. Distinguished Brahmans sought and gained permission to become disciples, members of the Buddha's Order. Yet, apart from these individual victories, it must be admitted that, in the larger aspect of his undertaking, the Buddha failed. The evil characteristics of spiritual arrogance and ambition, with their outer counterpart of love of wealth and power, which made the Brahmans a permanent danger to the spiritual and social life of India, remained unconquered; these evil qualities, rousing themselves in fierce opposition to the Buddha's challenge, became a formidable and steadily increasing barrier in the way of his teaching, and after centuries of covert opposition, finally drove his disciples out of India, to the southern realms of Ceylon, Siam and Java, and northward across the Snowy Mountains to China, Tibet and Japan. The consequences to India were, and still are, deplorable degradation, and the establishment of a Brahmanical despotism, which is to-day as strong as it was when the Buddha made his mighty effort to transform the Brahmans.

Yet in justice it must be said that the Brahmans must not bear the whole burden of blame and condemnation. A heavy responsibility lies upon the

Rajputs also, the warriors of the race to which the Buddha and some of his great disciples belonged. The Rajputs themselves, or many of them, had also suffered deterioration. Their warlike energy had the defects of its qualities, and they were altogether too prone to fratricidal quarrels and rivalries. This had been true for millenniums. The war of the *Mahabharata*, besides its mystical meaning brought out in the *Bhagavad Gita*, has its historical side. It was a fratricidal war among the tribes and clans of Rajputs, waged with unrelenting ferocity, and it was precisely the weakening of the Rajputs in this internecine war that gave the Brahmans their opportunity to seize and hold predominant power in India, a power fully in evidence in the Buddha's time, and not less strongly operative to-day.

The influence of the Rajputs, weakened in the Great War, was never fully restored, though they always possessed, and still possess, many elements of moral and spiritual greatness. But, in part because of this weakening, the Rajputs were not able to give the Buddha the support which they ought to have given, in his campaign against Brahman arrogance and ambition. And it would further appear that their hold on their great hereditary possession, the sacred Mysteries, had been so restricted and impaired, that they were not able, as a race, to recognize the magnificent opportunity presented to them by the Buddha's mission, by his incarnation among them as a Rajput.

The available evidence tends to show that the failure of the men of Rajput race adequately to support the Buddha, not less than the spiritual arrogance and ambition of the Brahmans, contributed to hold the Buddha's mission back from full success, and was, therefore, one of the causes of its ultimate and humiliating failure, so far as India was concerned, a failure which has brought in its train centuries of degradation and spiritual bondage. Such failure is no new experience for the Masters of Wisdom; but, for them, failure is ever an incitement and a challenge, a signal to try again, with renewed effort and immortal valour.

FRAGMENTS

IT was just the grey hour before dawn. Whispers were coming out of the shadows, the tree-tops swayed a little; then the great stillness fell that is prelude to a new day.

I turned and saw him, casque and chain shirt, and the white, voluminous folds of his cloak, settling over his shoulders where the upspringing rays of magnetic light give the look of half-opened wings. He smiled, saluting with his sword.

In the eastern sky, though the dawn had not yet come, it was as if a vast curtain were lifting, and then behind it another curtain, and yet another, and so on and on, and in and in, as slowly each was raised. There was no light on this side, but on that a suffused brilliance that increased in intensity as curtain succeeded curtain, and sight was lost in the endless vista. The expanses between were filled, as one had never dreamed such fulness could be, with rank upon angelic rank, in perfect order and symmetry, each with colours and emblems, each with banners fluttering in some breeze blown from beyond the boundaries of Space. There was a pulsating movement amongst them that translated itself into interblending hues, as they seemed to mingle and yet remain apart. Then the chorus arose,—the great Army of the Heavenly Host chanting the Hymn of Adoration for the opening day.

Faint lines of rose and mauve were showing, light was creeping across the grass. The chorus grew fainter, the brilliance within receded, the curtains lowered, one by one. Then the wind gave a sigh, and I heard the twittering of the birds.

"No need for fear or heavy-heartedness," St. Michael said. "There is a strength that lies beyond all tears. There is a force that supplements all failure,—true symbol of the Everlastingness, that closes round, in its vast tenderness, the tiny circle of the dark world's nothingness. Fight on", he said.

I saw him in a shimmer of silver light, and again the flash of his sword, as he turned skyward.

CAVÉ.

OF CABBAGES—AND KINGS

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"

THE twin doctrines of evolution and involution are basic in the theosophical philosophy, and Theosophy has welcomed, and made its own, all the evidence upon which science has constructed the theory of biological evolution and through which it traces man's ascent, or descent, from lower forms of life. Yet as all truth is a two-edged sword, and as half-truths may be the worst falsehoods, cutting back against the hand that tries to use them, the thoughtful student of Theosophy is likely to consider the modern teaching of evolution as one of the gravest dangers of our time. In this, even if in little else, he finds himself in agreement with the late Mr. Bryan and those who are quite erroneously called "religious fundamentalists." The name is erroneous because the ground on which they take their stand is, in reality, neither religious nor fundamental; and the controversy between them and the "evolutionists" has been from the first a paradoxical contest between truth drawn from error and error drawn from truth.

The Scopes trial, three years ago at Dayton, Tennessee—the case of the young teacher who persisted in teaching his conception of evolution to his pupils in the public school, despite the State law prohibiting it—awoke laughter which has scarcely yet died down, but for the most part it was unthinking laughter, with little appreciation of the actual conditions that lay behind the fulminations of the self-appointed champions of "academic freedom" and evolution on the one hand, and of the literal interpretation of the book of Genesis on the other. Legally, the issue was very clear and simple, but both parties to the controversy did everything possible to shift it, and to make it appear that evolution itself was on trial, and that "the real question" was—as stated by Mr. Bryan and accepted by Professor Osborn—"Did God use evolution as His plan?" To attempt to settle that question by the vote of a jury of farmers and shop-keepers, drawn from a little country town, was, of course, supremely ridiculous; and the plain common sense of the jury scarcely needed the ruling of the judge to know that they could not, and did not have to, pass upon it. All that concerned them was whether Scopes had violated the conditions of his employment and the law of the State. Bryan's question lay far beyond their jurisdiction and could only become, even theoretically, pertinent after a whole series of other questions had been answered.

Some of these other questions are well worthy of earnest thought, and as it is probable that the conditions of the Scopes trial may soon be repeated in

other legal tests of State educational laws, it may be of value to consider them. In the recent elections an "anti-evolution" act was submitted by referendum to the citizens of Arkansas and was overwhelmingly approved. As set forth in the *New York Times* (November 25th, 1928), the bill provides "that it shall be unlawful for any teacher or other instructor in any university, college, normal, public school or other institution of the State, which is supported in whole or in part from public funds derived by State or local taxation, to teach the theory or doctrine that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals." The act becomes effective December 6th, 1928, and it has been announced that "its constitutionality may be challenged, and in any event the State Supreme Court will be asked to interpret its meaning."

The result of the Arkansas referendum has been widely proclaimed as a triumph of the "fundamentalists," and, equally widely, as indisputable and alarming proof of the backwardness and ignorance of our rural communities, hampering the advance of truth and showing themselves at least half a century behind the times in their disbelief in evolution. But it by no means follows, as a logical conclusion from their vote, that the people of Arkansas do disbelieve in evolution. It would be quite as logical to infer that the people of New York disbelieved in all religion, and had unmistakably asserted their atheism in the ordinance excluding from their public schools the teaching of religion. The questions passed upon in the two States were not whether evolution, and religion, were true or false, nor whether the majority of the population believed, or disbelieved, in either. The question in Arkansas was whether evolution, and the question in New York was whether religion, was so taught as to make it desirable to include this instruction in the system of public education designed to mould the State's future citizens and which all its citizens were taxed to support. It may be our personal opinion that both States decided wrongly, but it is difficult to defend the action of New York and condemn that of Arkansas. Nor is it easy to see how the principle of "academic freedom" is threatened by either. The teachers may believe what they choose, pursue such studies as they choose, and publish their beliefs and conclusions through any media that will accept them. They are required only to recognize that in the public schools they are employed to teach certain subjects and not others; and that if they wish to teach these other subjects they may not do so at the State's expense, making use of the State's facilities, and to children whose attendance the State compels, irrespective of their own or their parents' wishes.

It is at least theoretically conceivable, therefore, that the State of Arkansas, instead of being fifty years behind the times in its ignorance of evolution, is fully abreast if not in advance of them in giving consideration to the actual effects which the present teaching of evolution tends to produce, and in deciding that these effects are neither of such proved and universal beneficence, nor so valuable to the State as a whole, that they should be forced upon all children at the public expense, so that Brown and Jones should continue to be taxed to inculcate them in the progeny of Smith. There has been a vast

deal of loose thinking upon the subject of public education, and even our most distinguished scientists have not been free from it, in arguing as though there were no distinction between the truth of a theory or formula and the desirability of its universal dissemination. There are many true formulæ for the preparation of poisons and high explosives from simple materials; but however true, and even useful, these formulæ may be, it could not be sound policy to insist that all school children should be taught them, with no warning of their danger or restrictions against their misuse. If knowledge be power, education in its right use should precede its bestowal, and at no time in the world's history has this principle been so disregarded as it is in America to-day.

In a recent issue of a morning paper (*New York Times*, November 29th, 1928) there appeared two items which perhaps few readers will have related. The first records a sentence of life imprisonment upon a Mr. Tripp, aged thirty-seven, who, though of a blameless record in all other respects, had for the fourth time been found guilty of supplying intoxicating beverages to his fellow citizens of Michigan. The second is an extract from the annual report of the Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University. It is pointed out that two thirds of the students who take graduate courses never fulfil the requirements for degrees, but after graduation from college merely desire "to live a little longer in the groves of the academy," believing "that the atmosphere of a university provides good air to breathe." The Dean does not wish to discourage this, but considers that it presents a situation which is not understood and which should be studied,—as "the important thing is not the numbers that come, but what is done in consequence of their coming". In particular he recommends that means should be devised for the early "segregation of those who come here to work from those who come here to breathe"; and, second, for safeguarding the advanced and research courses, which "are not instituted for teaching purposes or for the benefit of individuals. They are instituted for the advancement of learning. Their value diminishes in proportion as they become pedagogical instruments and discipline, or are attended by students whose attitude is that of passive absorption. They should be strictly safeguarded for the purposes for which they exist". It is apparent from this report, therefore, that so far from the advancement of truth requiring its dissemination to those unready to make right use of it, research may thereby be hampered and not helped. What is not apparent, however, and what is far too little considered, is the effect of advanced courses upon students who merely "breathe" where work is required for right understanding and mental health. Those who work at first hand in any subject become clearly conscious of the limitations of their knowledge and gain some salutary sense of the vast unknown potentialities that lie beyond; but those whose attitude is mere "passive absorption" lack this corrective and are given to assuming that what they have heard is all there is to know. This is not so much "strong meat" as it is strong wine; and if our prohibition laws extended to mental intoxicants and narcotics, one wonders what sentences would be earned by university professors, popularizing their research for the consump-

tion of the immature. It would not be a question of the truth and purity of their teaching—as that teaching would be understood by their colleagues—but of its alcoholic content when unbalanced and unneutralized by first-hand knowledge, and of its actual effect upon the student.

Such sympathy as we may have with the State of Arkansas, therefore, need imply no disbelief in evolution. Our quarrel is not with the biologist's truths, but with their misuse and the mental intoxication which results when it is assumed that the biological theory of evolution tells us all there is to know about the origin and nature of man. We may accept, as fully as any modern biologist, the doctrine that all the multi-cellular organisms, including the body of man, have arisen in progressive ascent and development from unicellular life; that there has been a continuous adaptation of organisms to their changing environment; and that throughout all of nature "the simpler and more lowly forms always precede the higher and more specialized forms",—save that we might have to ask in just what sense the "simpler" is to be supposed "more lowly" than the complex which develops from it; for the theosophical view of evolution is that of a great helix, sweeping from the simplicity of unity through the specializations of diversity to realize unity again upon another plane. But to the student of Theosophy the evolutionary process is seen as primarily a movement of the spirit—a movement which causes, and is not caused by, the evolution of organic forms which the biologist traces. As man is more than his body, so is his evolution more than that of his physical organism; and therefore the biologist's truths, when taken out of their own field and applied to anthropology and history, psychology and sociology, become but misleading half-truths, acting sometimes as narcotics, sometimes as intoxicants, upon minds whose attitude toward them is "passive absorption". This is their mischief and their danger.

Examples of it abound. In one of his essays, called forth by the Scopes trial, Professor Osborn points out that, "In one of the great states of the world, Russia, the experiment is being made on a colossal scale to rule mankind by science alone, on a platform of atheism, of denial of all religious restraints and prohibitions, and of affirmation of atheism". In Professor Osborn's view it is bound to fail, because even the Russian peasants "are much more than machines; their bodies are easy to account for by evolution, their spirits and souls can be accounted for only through very long, continuous progress, closely akin to creation". Professor Osborn does not seem to see, however, that this colossal, tragic experiment, foredoomed to failure, this welter of murder and evil preached as good, would never have been tried had it not been for the way in which science has been mistaught, intoxicating minds with the thought that it is itself enough. But we do not need to look so far from home. It is difficult to find a modern book, dealing with these themes, which does not assume that man has risen from the beasts through long æons of savagery; that his most deeply rooted and fundamental instincts have a bestial or savage origin, his moral sense and religious beliefs, arising from savage taboos and superstitious ignorance; and that the right use of his very

newly acquired intelligence is to free himself from all that has been reverenced as sacred. "Nothing is more essential in our attempt to escape from the bondage of consecrated ideas than to get a vivid notion of human achievement in its proper historical perspective", writes Professor Robinson in his book *The Mind in the Making*. "We find in savage thought a sort of intensified and generalized taboo in the classification of things as clean and unclean and in the conceptions of the sacred. These are really expressions of profound and persistent traits in the uncritical mind and can only be overcome by carefully cultivated criticism. They are the result of our natural timidity and the constant dread lest we find ourselves treading on holy (*i.e.*, dangerous) ground. . . . In dealing with the relations of the sexes the terms 'pure' and 'impure' introduce mystic and irrational moods alien to clear analysis and reasonable readjustments. . . . Man, like plants and animals in general, tends to go on from generation to generation, living as nearly as may be the life of his forebears. Changes have to be forced upon him. . . . The conservative 'on principle' is therefore a most unmistakably primitive person in his attitude. His only advance beyond the savage mood lies in the specious reasons he is able to advance for remaining of the same mind. What we vaguely call a 'radical' is a very recent product due to altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances."

Such passages could be paralleled endlessly, and the smallest reflection shows the danger that lies in their popular acceptance. Professor Robinson himself points out that "The great mass of humanity has never had anything to do with the increase of intelligence except to act as its medium of transfusion and perpetuation. Creative intelligence is confined to the very few, but the many can thoughtlessly avail themselves of the more obvious achievements of those who are exceptionally endowed." He points out, too, that "Man has never been able to adapt himself very perfectly to his civilization", yet the whole effect of his teaching is that the age-old restraints of civilization should be cast aside, leaving the ordinary man only his passions as a guide.

Behind this whole body of thought lies the assumption that evolution has been an ascent from what is low to what is high, from unworthy to the worthy, from error to truth, so that whatever is ancient is to be left behind. But that is neither the meaning of the word, nor is it the theosophic view. Literally "evolution" means "the act of unfolding; a displaying"; and it is in this literal sense that Theosophy accepts it. The multi-cellular organisms arising, as biologists tell us, from uni-cellular life, display the potentialities that lay wrapped within the single cell. In it lies the basis of all its derivatives; destroy it and you destroy them. Truths do not owe their origin to falsehoods. Truths become known as the unfolding of the content of simpler—and profounder—truth, on which they rest. The propositions of geometry do not progressively reveal the falsity of earlier propositions and the unworthy "lowliness" of the simple axioms from which they have arisen. Rather do they progressively reveal the depth and breadth of content which lay within them. It is so with all evolution; that which comes earlier contains within

itself all that comes later; the past lives in the present; and to advance is to cause it to live more richly and completely, so that the end is the full realization of what was potential in the beginning. This view, accepting and making its own all the evidence on which the common theory rests, leads to diametrically opposite conclusions from those commonly drawn by modern writers who purport to apply the principles of evolution to sociology and psychology, but who really base their argument, as we have just seen, upon assumptions which evolution neither involves nor justifies, and which the biologists themselves do not attempt to defend. "The very operation of life," as Bergson has said, "consists in the gradual passage from the less realized to the more realized, from the intensive to the extensive, from a reciprocal implication of parts to their juxtaposition"; and though Theosophy adds that this process of evolution and differentiation is followed by an involution and renewed synthesis, gathering all up into a new unity of realized content and significance, it is clear that that which is realized in the end was implicit in the beginning. We cannot reject or eliminate our origins; we must fulfil them perfectly.

This principle is basic in theosophic philosophy, and governs each step in occult training and development,—for occultism is but man's conscious and full co-operation with the processes of life in nature and supernature. "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." This verse, quoted from the Book of Job by Professor Osborn in one of his replies to Mr. Bryan, has, for the theosophist, direct and immediate application to each stage of his path; for he knows that everything that is, from the "lowest" to the "highest", reflects some facet of his own being, so that to study nature is to learn of Self, and to study Self is to learn of nature. More than this, because he sees evolution as cyclic,—spirit reflecting and manifesting itself in matter, gaining fuller consciousness of itself as it unfolds its interpenetrating inner contents into separate elements in the sequences of time and space, and then infolds them again in a new synthesis and unity,—because he sees that "the first shall be last," he knows that it is the lowliest things that are the most fundamental and have most to tell him of the highest.

"I am that I am": it is the voice of the Most High, telling of Itself. But he who listens, hears the same self-revelation whispered by all substance. It is the voice of the mineral kingdom, of matter as matter, of the stuff with which nature builds—the first reflection of the spirit, the revelation of spirit's inmost and essential being. It is the speech of rock and sand, of mountain and valley, of the earth and the stars. Each is that which it is; nor can anything from without itself, change what it is. Storm and wind beat upon the mountain, wear and groove its face, but it remains itself, its integrity unshaken. We can crush a stone to powder, yet in its dust it is still stone. There, in the mineral kingdom, the first lesson of life is made manifest; there man's manhood has its roots.

Until this lesson be learned, there can be no passing into the vegetable kingdom; for the essential requisite of plant life is that it should be so intensely itself, yet so at one with what is about it, that it can draw and transform into

itself what is not itself,—that it can pass on the stamp it has itself received, and reproduce its kind. From the integrity of matter there has risen the integrity of the astral mould.

Science has not found it easy to draw the dividing line between plant and animal. In common thought the outstanding difference is that whereas the plant must live and grow where its seed has fallen, putting forth its roots from that unchanging centre, the animal, having gathered its roots into itself, has gained in mobility and can search in a wider range for food to nourish it. Yet here, again, as always, the new power rests upon and is derived from the old; and if the old power weakens, the new becomes vitiated.

It is of interest to reflect upon this, and looking into our own lives and into the lives of those we know, to note our need for the lessons which the vegetable kingdom should have taught us; to see that the virtues and powers of "cabbages" are indeed those of "kings", and that, without them, "shoes and ships and sealing-wax" are of little avail. The king, like the cabbage, must fulfil his destiny in his native soil. He cannot leave it for another, that seems to him more favourable. In his own kingdom, or nowhere, he must play his royal part, drawing into himself and both personifying and transforming into his own likeness, all the diverse elements of the nation that he rules. It is from these elements and none other that he must create his own and his country's greatness. If he abandon them, he abandons his kingship. The "shoes" in which he runs away, the "ships" that bear him overseas, the "sealing-wax" that takes the imprint of his abdication, are but means to his undoing, if, as king, he forgets the lessons he should have learned as cabbage. For a wandering, dethroned and exiled king is like an uprooted cabbage.

But it is not only kings that need to heed the lesson of the cabbage and to emulate its powers and virtues. How many times a day do we ourselves not forget them, and, abandoning the field of our own life and duty, seek to feed mind and heart upon exotic imaginings, striving to nourish ourselves upon fictions instead of drawing from the solid substance of truth?

Looking at evolution thus, we see that the first problem our newly gained intelligence must face is not at all how to free ourselves from the trammels of our "lowly" heritage, but is, in fact, the exact opposite of this,—how may we fasten upon our consciousness the lessons that our ascent should have taught us, and manifest, in our "higher" life as men, the unfolding qualities of the spirit which the "lower" kingdoms faithfully reveal? How are we to show that we have not skimped our early lessons, and been "born too soon in human shape"?

H. B. M.

WAR MEMORIES

"It's War!"

IT is with a peculiar reticence, difficult perhaps to explain, that many of us who took part in the War speak of it and of our own War experiences, although very probably few of us have memories which are more tragically dear. To those of us who passed through it (even those who, like myself, played such very insignificant rôles), the world still continues largely to be divided into two parts—those who were "in it" and those who were not. This is not said with any sense of voluntary withdrawal, but because, if one must speak of it at all, one asks: "Where shall I begin? How can I ever end? And can I do even faint justice to so noble and great a theme?" Sir Philip Gibbs, attempting a narration to non-combatants who had not yet glimpsed war, of his experiences at the front, of what he had seen and shared, said: ". . . . but it was only a few who understood." This was at the end of the first nine months. Of course, thousands of people, millions rather, have been added since that first year to those who did see and share, and who therefore understand; yet there are still too many to whom the Great War has become recorded history only, rather than the memory of intense life lived from day to day through those four crowded and immortal years. To some of us the experiences of those years are as though they had happened but yesterday—they are scarcely even memories, so persistently present are they. When we look back and think of boys, still in their first youth, with great ragged wounds, dying in our arms; or of women and children, hunted like animals, fleeing for their lives, overtaken and subjected to unspeakable outrages worse than death—to write of this is only adding one more chapter to the countless chapters which have already been written, and will the speaking again of that time make it more living? It seems incredible that the vividness of those days could ever grow dim; that there should be a necessity for recalling them, even to those who took no active part. Why are they not continually present with us all? Not the blood and the filth and the unspeakable weariness—these were, after all, small matters—but the majesty of it, the indescribable heroism of those who gave their uttermost. We remember those splendid men and women who answered the Great Call, and we turn away in shame and disgust at the pettiness of much that is in our lives to-day. Did they care whether they lived or died, so they could serve? Did they care who would be first or last, prominent or obscure? There was no first or last among those who gave their all. In war there are no inequalities among those who give all they have to give, and it is that self-giving which is the initiation into the brotherhood of soldiers. Those who did not give all they had, simply never took part in the War at all in any real or lasting sense. That self-giving

was spontaneous with some, it had to be learned by others, but if it did not come sooner or later, the War, and the War's deeper significance, remained a sealed book. If one had never seen whole-hearted sacrifice, one found it at last in the men who lived month after month in the trenches, thinking only of how they could give more, not less; among the stretcher bearers or those who drove ambulances under constant and deadly shell fire; among the women in field and base hospitals, where, tenderly, and under the most terrific strain and danger, they nursed the sorely wounded back to life, or, more tenderly still, closed their eyes when they died. I can claim no part whatever in such great and noble deeds, but I have watched them, and the splendour of them still shines into my heart, and always will. Must we then be *forced* to remember our silent dead? Is it possible to forget those who are still living—a living death? Those who are hopeless paralytics; those still crazed by shell-shock, or whose lungs are slowly rotting from the gas which Germany first used; those who are sightless; yes, those who have had their very faces shot away—what must *they* say to our ingratitude? Why should we have to write of these things again since we all know them? Yet there would seem to be the need, "lest we forget"—not the true War veterans, they never can forget; but for those to whom that magnificent conflict has begun to fade into vague and shadowy dreams.

When one attempts to write about one's own War experiences, one is instantly faced by a peculiar state of mind,—what was actually my own personal experience, and what has become so living to me that I *think* I saw it and took part in it? Many post-War writers have drawn attention to this phenomenon; I suppose, therefore, it is not an unusual one, but it is sometimes rather embarrassing if one is trying to record facts observed by oneself. With that strange blending of consciousness which was experienced at times by many of us during the War, who shall say that there was any real separation? A brother's peril was one's own; what he lived and suffered, one lived and suffered with him, and in moments of great danger the feeling of comradeship was so intense, our senses were so miraculously raised to unaccustomed heights, that many of us experienced "that release from the chains of ordinary life," of which *Through The Gates of Gold* speaks. "That you actually feel your own physical wound is a weakness of your limitation. The man who is developed psychically feels the wound of another as keenly as his own." This is but another way of explaining that strange state spoken of by post-War writers, and it was not as uncommon as the lethargy of peace conditions would try to persuade us. Yet the adventures of any one person are necessarily limited when gauged by the colossal dimensions of the World War, and in my own case they will, of necessity, be so especially. At least they have the advantage of being personal, however, and as such these "Memories" are written down.

The question: Who started it?—that question which appears to be troubling some strange people in these post-War years—did not trouble us at all. It

never even occurred to any of us to ask it: how could it? Austria had declared war on Serbia; Germany had declared war on Russia, and had invaded both France and Belgium. Therefore, those of us having the good fortune to be on hand when the first gun was fired, thanked that good fortune that we were there, and we simply enrolled ourselves, both outwardly and interiorly, as soldiers in our splendid cause, volunteering for active service in any capacity whatever, if only we might serve; volunteering, each under his own flag, whether that flag were inherited by birth, or, as in my case (being an American and therefore, alas, that unfortunate thing technically known as a "neutral") whole-heartedly adopted.

No use to retrace historical steps, or to follow the onward march of events between Fashoda and "the thirteen days," for in order to gain any moral light, it would mean going back at least as far as that picturesque African episode. No use even starting with the Serajevo crime in June of that year of years, 1914. Are there not histories—mountains of them? And do they not tell, each according to its own understanding, the rights and wrongs of the gigantic issue?

In one sense, we in England had not been allowed by circumstances to become wholly deaf to "wars and rumours of wars," but it was civil war that we feared, and few of us, at that time, paid much attention to the troubles abroad. I believe it can safely be said that up to the third week of July the best of our attention was given to the unhappy Irish question, and we seemed to have no eyes or ears for the great world across the Channel. The Home Rule Bill ruled the public mind, and the press was full of editorials and letters in favour of a "larger Ulster" or the reverse, as the case might be. We read about gun-running and its inevitable and tragic sequels. What would it lead to? The South and the West, while entertaining the greatest hostility to the North, appeared, none the less, to look upon the Ulster Volunteer Movement with a smile or a sneer. "One Catholic is the equal of ten Orangemen", it was maintained with a sarcastic shrug, and the Nationalist "Molly Maguires" were paraded as more than a match for any number of Northern Unionists, however well armed they might be. We read too, of the Conferences at Buckingham Palace; of the efforts of the King to pour oil on the troubled waters; of the attacks of radical newspapers on the King in consequence; of Mr. Asquith's immediate and scornful reply to these attacks; of Mr. John Redmond's demands and threats; of Sir Edward Carson's protests; of the final breakdown of the Conferences—and meanwhile the horrors of civil war continued to stare us in the face. In France, *L'Affaire Caillaux* was all that most people seemed to talk or think of, though certainly the Quai d'Orsay was far more aware of the cloud in the East than was Downing Street. Russia, somewhat enigmatic, while wrestling with her labour riots, kept a sharp eye on the Balkan situation, as well she might, for it was considered that the Austro-Hungarian demands on Serbia were an indirect, but none the less purposed challenge to her interests there.

The ever memorable "thirteen days", preceded as they had been by nearly

a month of comparative if somewhat ominous European calm, began, as all the world knows, with the Austrian Ultimatum on the 23rd of July. Such an ultimatum had, until that time, never been heard of. The delicate balance of European power, already wavering in its equilibrium, was dangerously disturbed, and we entered upon those "thirteen days" (though we did not then know them as such) wondering what the outcome would be. Never had the morning newspapers been so slow in reaching us; never had diplomacy appeared so halting and so shrouded,—though, as a matter of fact, I think that many of us find it somewhat difficult to remember what were at that time "open secrets", and what has since been learned and fixed into its chronological place by a later adjustment. Though the times were troublous, however, few of us seemed willing to believe that anything so cataclysmic as a vast European war *could* actually overtake us, and as late as the very last days of July (one might even say August 1st), most of us still clung boldly to our illusions, through the ups and downs of the tidings which reached us. Such an interlarding of good and bad news, of local and general! Side by side with the news of the Serbian reply to the Austro-Hungarian Note, came reports of the Dublin riots, causing us the greatest uneasiness; but the very next day we were told that the European situation was "perceptibly less threatening than it had been yesterday," and of course our confidence reasserted itself with all the greater assurance because of the recent depression. On the 28th, however, Austria had declared war upon Serbia, the most fearful danger threatened the whole of Europe, and urgent appeals were made in the English press to Irish loyalty. "Close the ranks, close the ranks!" was the call; "In the face of disaster let us stand together." So our hopes fell and rose, only to fall again.

Scenes of great excitement had been reported from Paris when the Serbian reply was made public. The usual Saturday evening military bands, marching through the streets, were cheered with unwonted enthusiasm by the strolling crowds. This stirred the indignation of an errant group of young Syndicalists who, setting up a protesting shout of: "*A bas les trois ans!*" were instantly mobbed by patriotic onlookers, shouting in their turn: "*Vive la France! Vive l'Armée!*" The German Ambassador, Baron von Schön, calling at the Quai d'Orsay, increased the general apprehension by his famous "communication" which, to many Frenchmen, appeared to be a repetition of the Agadir *coup*. President Poincaré and the Prime Minister, Viviani, were with the French Fleet, and there appeared to be some difficulty in maintaining uninterrupted communication with them. The utmost pessimism prevailed, and troops were sent to reinforce the frontiers.

In Russia, mobilization was rapidly going forward; the Austro-Russian tension increased hourly, ending in diplomatic suspension; and there was reported to be a concentration of Russian military forces on the Austrian frontier. In Belgium, precautionary measures had been started; soldiers on leave were recalled, and a general mobilization was being considered, while the forts of Liège and Namur were being placed on a war footing.

Precautionary measures had also been begun in England, the Admiralty issuing orders to the First, Second and Third Fleets to be in readiness in case of need. Day by day the situation grew darker; Europe was rapidly arming; France and Russia continued to strengthen their frontiers; little Belgium, mustering all her forces, determined to defend her neutrality, while Germany —well no one was quite sure, by this time, what was going on there! Yet, while all the world seemed bristling with war preparations, there were still many of us who did not think that war was inevitable. Surely it could be averted, even at the eleventh hour. There might be hot words and threats; Austria would of course have her revenge on Serbia, but war would be confined to a small spot in the far East, and Europe in general would cool down. So we, who had no political wisdom, argued, the wish being father to the thought.

I was in Cornwall with a little party of friends during this time, taking a much needed holiday, for I had been working rather hard in London (where I had been living most of the time since leaving Germany) all through the winter and spring. It was a tiny and very primitive little place on the South coast that we had settled in, some distance east of Falmouth, and with a long drive between us and Truro, where we connected with the nearest railway. News was slow in reaching us, and in that secluded spot the mere idea of a World War seemed even more remote than we ourselves were from civilization. That is why war actually burst upon us, in our quiet retreat, before we were fairly awake to the fact that war was even more than likely. For this same reason, when August 2nd came (August 2nd, which we now remember and speak of as "Black Sunday") with Bank Holiday, August 3rd, following on its heels, our newspapers were so much delayed that we did not know until some twenty-four hours later that Germany had declared war upon Russia, had invaded France at Cirey without any declaration of war at all, and had crossed the frontier into neutral Luxemburg. Even then we thought matters might be "patched up", incredible as it seems; we were still living in the illusions prevalent on August 1st. To reinforce our somewhat waning hopes, we read with satisfaction that Italy would give no support to the Triple Alliance, which applied only to a defensive war, and Italy did not consider this to be such.

It was on Tuesday, August 5th, that we knew beyond question what the situation really was, and what England had decided to do. I sometimes wonder if the "end of all things" will overtake us as suddenly and as silently as the World War did. The memory of that day is branded so deep that some of us find difficulty in speaking of it, even after all these years. It was a fine, breezy morning, and with one of my friends and her two children, I had started for an early walk along the rim of those magnificent, rugged bluffs overlooking the sea,—the glory of Cornwall. As we turned homeward, we saw in the distance the lonely figure of a man walking rapidly toward us. On he came. "Why it's Daddy!" cried one of the children delightedly, and they both ran forward to meet him, as he approached. We saw him stoop

and lift the little one up on his shoulder, giving his hand to the other, as he still strode on. Within a few yards of us he stopped, and sent the children chasing a rabbit which dashed past at that moment, bounding joyously through the low, sweet heather, and he came on alone. He held a crumpled telegram in one hand, and his face was like carved marble, but there was a fire in his eyes that I have always been glad I saw.

"Well, its war!" was all he said, looking at his wife. She did not need to be told any more; she knew the rest.

"How soon are you going?" she asked, quietly, steadily.

"Now," he answered, in an even tone. "Will you come back to the Inn with me and help me pack? Good-bye," he continued, turning to me. "May we leave the kiddies with you for a bit, and would you mind bringing them home—by and by?"

The children had run up, just then, and were tugging at his coat, eager to tell him about the rabbit. He kissed each one of them tenderly, and then, with his wife beside him, he walked silently away,—they were both very young, and life was dear. As they came to a dip in the cliffs which would hide them from us, he turned for a moment, and waved. I never saw him again,—so swiftly and so simply does an old world pass away. He went out to France at the earliest opportunity, and gave his own life for the life of a wounded comrade.

Later in the day I too packed my bags, intending to go up to London to offer my services. I did not yet know in what capacity, but that seemed to make little difference just then. To my dismay, I found that I was no better than a prisoner on that tiny spot of earth; that the Government, immediately war had been declared at eleven o'clock the night before, had taken full control of the railways of Great Britain, and that all trains, for a day or two at least, were to be used for the transport of troops, stores and food supplies only. I confess that I felt like a caged animal, and the day dragged itself out interminably; but of course, like everyone else caught napping, I had to make the best of things. As it turned out, however, I did not need to wait till I got up to London to have my first, if comparatively mild glimpse of war conditions, for after dark when, alone, I stole out into the soft Cornish night, and down to the beach not far from the small Inn where we were stopping—the beach where only the night before we had all sat happily watching the stars come out, and listening to the soft wash of the waves—there, to my great surprise, a short distance from the shore, a battleship lay, a huge, black mass, grim and silent. The home waters were being well protected by the Navy. One wondered how she had crept up so stealthily, for, an hour or so before, she had not been there, and as I looked and thought of what it signified to have a solitary battleship standing like that, close in to shore, I became aware of something else which made my pulse beat quicker. As though he had suddenly sprung from the very sands themselves, close to the water's edge, black and sharply silhouetted against the clear, grey silver of the sea, came marching the lonely coast-guard, erect and alert, in full service kit, rifle

on shoulder—I could see the sharp outline of the barrel as he moved. Now one knew that war had really come, and that over there, across the waters, lay France, and battle-fields, and burning villages, and dying men.

Turning home again, I passed in unnoticed at the little entrance gate, and walked through the silent garden, across the dewy lawn, past groups of great white dahlias shining like silver lamps in the summer darkness; the roses with a poignant fragrance scenting the still evening air, as though their sweetness were being pressed from their very hearts by the dark hours through which they were passing. But all this loveliness belonged to the old world which was gone—and gone so swiftly—for out there lay the great battleship, and not far away that lonely coast-guard watched and listened; and just across the Channel, France (the France we knew so well and loved) was fighting for her life.

I was able to get up to London some forty-eight hours later, and on the way became well aware that we were indeed irrevocably at war, for all the railway lines were closely guarded, especially at vulnerable places, and at many points we passed detachments of British soldiers, massed close to the lines, evidently waiting entrainment. Reaching town, I found a transformation which had taken place, as it were, over night. It was literally bristling with war preparations, and looked curiously unfamiliar; yet strangely enough, one felt that one was seeing, perhaps for the first time, the real community, as we may view an old friend suddenly wakened from the comfortable lethargy of ordinary, daily life, exalted, and on the eve of a great sacrifice, when we recognize that we are now seeing the real man, hitherto but dimly felt behind all the veils of the personality—the real man, the real friend whom we have always loved. When I had left London three weeks before, it had been in normal condition, with its endless streams of taxis, busses, delivery wagons drawn by sturdy, well-fed horses, and all the other familiar home sights. Now it was like an armed camp, largely khaki hued, where before it had been drab greys and blacks; unimaginably busy and electric. One of London's charms before the War, was its repose, its ease; but with the 4th of August one may say that the old-time quiet and deliberate calm passed away, never, perhaps, to return; and in the weeks that followed, while I was looking for my "chance", I often had to stop and collect my wits in order to assure myself that I was still living and moving in the old, lately familiar and dear haunts, for now, day and night, day and night, troops were marching through the streets. Often through the dark hours one heard them pass. Oh, the sound of marching men in the night! Can anyone who has heard it, in hours of danger, ever forget it? In the great parks and gardens, where formerly there had been strolling, leisurely crowds, one now saw soldiers in full campaigning kit; station platforms were filled with them, sometimes resting, their rifles stacked, while they waited further orders. In many of the squares and open spaces, raw recruits, without uniforms and carrying dummy rifles, were receiving their first instructions and their first drilling. In other open spaces, quantities of gun carriages were massed, ready for transport. Motor cycles,

with their despatch riders, dashed noisily to and fro; military cars, with important looking occupants, came from all directions, and drew all eyes. Carrier's carts, with their old legends still betraying their late owners and their legitimate employment, were driven through the streets, metamorphosed into ammunition wagons. Bow Street had issued warrants authorizing the military authorities to seize motor cars, horses—anything which was likely to be of use to the Army, and the requisitioning of horses, especially, had its humorous side, for the astonishment of the driver, swiftly and unceremoniously relieved of his horse, and sometimes left, whip in hand, still perched high up on the seat, was most amusing. Any well-conditioned horses, strong and fit for army use, were liable to find themselves transformed in the wink of an eye, from private "drays" into Government servants. Carter Paterson, that friend of all householders, is said to have furnished in those first days of the War a great quantity of horses which were shipped to Southampton forthwith, on their way to France and Belgium. Hospitals were being started everywhere, and travellers were swarming back from Germany with tales of hair-breadth escapes.

Whitehall was one of the most interesting sights in London. From Trafalgar Square to the Houses of Parliament it was a seething mass of humanity, crowds so thick that you wondered where all the people had come from, and if the rest of the London area had been emptied in order to furnish these crowds. At the entrance to Downing Street one could hardly push one's way through; in front of the Admiralty and the War Office it was a solid wall, —particularly did the War Office seem to attract the crowds. There was a reason for this, for after the temporary easing of the Irish situation, there were two things in those early days which, I think, heartened us all more, even, than we guessed at the time,—the splendid and generous response of the Dominions to the call of the Mother country: "When Britain is at war, we are at war" they declared; and the last minute recall of Lord Kitchener for home duty just as he was leaving England to return to his post in Egypt. I think the whole of the British Empire gave a deep sigh of relief when they knew him to be installed at the War Office, when they knew that he was at the helm; for even the severest of his critics had to admit that there was no one who gave to the public mind such a sense of security, while, at the same time, firing the public imagination as "K. of K." did. Whatever he said brought conviction; whatever he asked met with instant response. Thus, while at first many people declared that "the War would be short and bloody, and over by Christmas," there were always those who retorted: "Kitchener says it will last three years,—and he knows if anyone does." And when his first "call to arms" rang out, when he asked for the first hundred thousand men, the response was beyond all expectation, and was a conclusive proof not only of what he himself could accomplish, but also of Great Britain's appreciation of him. Great Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the London Recruiting District, was invaded as soon as war was declared, and within forty-eight hours, if I remember correctly, divisional recruiting stations had to be opened

in many parts of London, and, of course, in the provinces. There were steady streams of applicants; crowds of men in all walks of life gathered outside every recruiting office as quickly as it was installed, and in some cases the volunteers were so persistent and so eager, that mounted police had to be called up to hold them in check. It was reported that the army recruiting authorities found it necessary to keep some of these offices open all night in order to deal with the men who had waited doggedly through long hours for their turn, for, in general, only five or six could be admitted at once. The "weeding out" was put through with care but also with despatch. It was deeply stirring to watch the faces of those men who were, for one cause or another—weak heart, myopia, flat foot, etc.—disqualified for active service. They came out, some of them, with an air of dejection which did them great honour. No doubt many, if not most of them, found service of a different sort in less exacting fields, but the faces of some of the "rejected" are a dear and proud memory to me. No lukewarmness there! Kitchener's New Army was rapidly taking shape, and we civilians drew a deep breath of relief in consequence.

But it was not only the men who were mobilized. The volunteering of the women was magnificent; their response was Nationwide. From all parts of the country they came forward in a mass, clamouring to help, and soon the daily papers had to begin printing long articles of advice: "How to be Useful in Wartime." Women accustomed all their lives to the utmost luxury and comfort, turned their backs without a thought on the old life of ease, and eagerly embraced the new conditions of hardship and danger, or of very dull and unremitting work. They petitioned for work of any sort. I remember so well at one of the Wartime Industrial Depots, hearing one day a most exquisitely refined-looking young woman say, with ill suppressed eagerness and evident and complete sincerity: "I'll scrub floors, I'll do anything if only you will take me. My husband has gone out as a common trooper, and I cannot bear that he should give more than I do. We women can at least try to do, in our small way, what our men are doing." Later I learned that she and her husband were well known in the world of letters. She was only one in thousands who *sought* toil and drudgery as their small contribution. Many women filled the posts left vacant by their husbands who had enlisted; or, if fitted, they volunteered as despatch riders or as ambulance drivers, or as mere carters, or for work on the land. Of course the Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance, being such ancient and honourable institutions, were, so to speak, always mobilized, and detachments of nurses needed but their marching orders to be in the field as quickly as transport could get them there; but there were also the V.A.D.s (those Voluntary Aid Detachments which were supplementary to the Territorial Medical Service, and of which many of us had never even heard until then); the Women's Emergency Corps and many other organizations, all of which were as busy as the Army Recruiting Stations. No one can ever say that there was any lack of response to the new conditions of life on the part of England's women, for they, like the men, rose to meet that call to arms.

We all felt the advancing horror like a ghastly hand stretched out to seize us; terrible rumours that, somewhere behind the first advancing line of invaders were unthinkably huge masses of men pressing forward, sweeping on like gigantic, incoming waves. We were warned in the press that we were on the eve of great events, perhaps little suspected by any of us, and must be prepared for shocks of all sorts. News of the wanton slaughter of civilians at Visé, that tiny town on the Meuse which was among the first to bear the full brunt of the treacherous attack, had told us all too graphically what was taking place; town after town was reported pillaged, burned, its inhabitants, women and children as well as old men, stood against the walls of their own houses, while firing squads shot them down like dogs. In rapid succession we read of the terrible fate of Dinant; of the sacking of Tirlemont; of the Burgomaster's execution at Aerschot; of outlying and lonely farms which were set on fire by roving bands of Uhlans after the farmers and their unprotected families had been butchered; of convents which were destroyed, the nuns and *pensionnaires* turned adrift, and worse. The flood gates of hell were opened, and it was but too evident that the German hordes had begun to "hack their way through", as the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg had, not many days before, told us they would do. To deepen, if possible, the sense of rapidly approaching calamity, the Belgian forts, Liège, Namur, fell, unable to withstand the terrific pounding of the German heavy artillery.

Meanwhile in London and in the provinces, we watched our men go,—the Old Contemptibles of undying fame; we watched them go to the roll of drums or the skirl of the bagpipes; we watched them go and for the most part it was to their death. Who can ever forget the magnificent sweep of troops through Hyde Park, with all of London turned out to wish them God Speed? Who can ever forget the dashing and gallant appearance of some of the Highland Regiments, passing through the streets on their way overseas, their "bonnets" tipped saucily on their heads, their kilts aswing, their pipes shrilling gaily and wheezily. In the months to come the Highlanders were to add to their already long established fame as fighters, for it was they who, because of their fierce and irresistible bayonet charges, won from a bewildered enemy (unable to explain the kilts) the enviable name of "Ladies from Hell." How well I remember the day (and a lump rises in my throat) when, walking along the King's Road, I approached the Duke of York's Military School and saw a huge crowd which blocked the traffic. With some difficulty I managed to work my way through the throng of onlookers, until I reached a spot where I could see through the palings, to the parade ground. Standing near two scarlet-coated, old Chelsea Pensioners, who had hobbled there from the near-by Chelsea Hospital, I watched what was taking place. A regiment of Regulars (I forget now which it was—we saw so many go!) was mustering for its march through the streets "to an unknown destination." There was no bustle, no hurry; just splendid discipline. The men stood in perfect alignment, row on row, like a carved reredos in some war-dedicated cathedral. The word

of command rang out, and the serried lines seemed to stiffen, if anything to grow firmer. Then, like one living organism, those men (as it were *one* man) marched away, most of them never to come back. To the thunder of drums they marched, to the crashing of martial music; heads up, eyes forward, as though seeing only their goal, with a kind of superb indifference to everything else. The crowds which stood watching were silent, awed by that sight, but men there were in plenty who quietly raised their hats, standing bare-headed, while the women's faces were aglow with pride, and even the children seemed touched by the greatness of that moment.

It makes me profoundly indignant whenever I read or hear it said that Great Britain went into the War for economic reasons. That is not true, and no one will ever forget the agony of those hours when England's politicians seemed to be wavering, and when, as we have learned since, some of them actually did waver. There can be no possible question regarding the feeling of England as a whole. Her people cared nothing whatever for economic reasons. They were outraged at what had been done; they felt that Great Britain's honour, and so their own, was in the balance, and when Germany's proffered "bribe" to England was made known; when the people at large understood that their country had actually been offered a "price" if she would remain neutral, public indignation knew no bounds. When war was declared there was a universal cry: "Thank God we are in it! We can continue to look the world in the face." Those of us who saw the men of the First Expeditionary Force march out, know better than to believe that they went for the sake of so cold an ideal as an economic reason. Besides which, we have been given too many accounts, by soldiers themselves, of their reasons for enlisting. Do we not remember (just to mention one) the story appearing first in an evening paper, about the London Scottish, "our Scottish", one of the "crack" Territorial Regiments, whose intrepid and resolute stand at Messines on October 31st, won such widespread admiration, and which General Allenby (as he then was) spoke of as "worthy of the best traditions of British Regular Troops." The story of the fight and its sequel has been retold by a young soldier who describes its effect on him before he had enlisted, saying that, as soon as he had read it, he hurried to the nearest recruiting office. It is an account of how a bare thousand men, alone and practically surrounded by "the cream of the Prussian Guard", but obeying the orders of their Colonel, fought on until two-thirds of them were killed. Three times they reformed their thinning ranks, and the third time the Prussians broke and fled, and what was left of the London Scottish returned to their lines. But they had picked up a wounded German officer (only slightly wounded he was) and they brought him in on a stretcher with their own killed and wounded. "In those days", so the tale continues, "(we have learned more since) we knew nothing of German *Kultur*. In those innocent, early days a wounded man was a wounded man, no matter what his creed, or his colour, or his race. So our boys took the German and treated him as one of their own." The doctor, in the greatness of his charity, and for the honour of the regiment, attended to him first, "while

our own wounded and dying lay waiting. . . . . Gad, we were innocent, then! They had not even bothered to remove the Hun's service revolver, which dangled from a strap at his side;" and as the doctor leaned over the wounded enemy, there was a flash and a sharp report, and the doctor fell dead, shot through by a German bullet. "That was the story that came from the hospital cot in Flanders," this young soldier writes. "It was enough for me. I awoke. And when I got to the drill-hall there was no mistaking the place, for from a block away you could see the crowd. A long, thin line of young fellows wound in and out of the crowd, each in the grip of that story of the night before. I took my place at the end of the line and waited. Hours passed. In the meantime the line strung itself far out into the street, for all over the country men had come swarming in . . . . crystallized into a solid, fighting mass by the story of the Marne and the tale of the London Scottish." Does *that* sound like an economic reason? When we remember the glorious Old Contemptibles as we saw them march away, have we no better monument to raise to them than that? For one of the most splendid memories which any of us can hope to keep untarnished is the air of serene detachment from all the lesser interests of life, the high-hearted equanimity with which they went. We have recently been reminded that the tradition of the British soldier is to "go out without a word." That is at all times wholly British—it is true whether a matter of facing death or of facing irremediable loss, and what is true of the Army as a whole is therefore true of individual soldiers. I have always loved the story about Lord Roberts who, at his club one day, during the South African War, was reading aloud to others assembled in the room, the latest casualty list, just brought in. As he read of those killed in action, and as name after name went by, suddenly he came upon the name of his only son, the first intimation he had of his death, but when he came to it he read it out as clearly and steadily as he had the rest, without a shade of hesitation, finishing the list, which was a long one, in the same quiet voice, and when he had finished, with a little nod to his companions, he turned, erect and soldierly as always,—and went out without a word. *That* was the spirit of the Old Contemptibles.

So we, still sitting at home in safety, watched our men go out, and read of the onrushing storm which they had gone to meet. In due course we were officially informed that the Expeditionary Force had been safely landed in France. Then casualty lists came pouring in, and as those fateful days passed, one by one, and as they shaped themselves into weeks, it became more and more a matter of consuming importance to discover how one could make the best use even of one's inefficiency. It was a simple matter for most men, —the taking of an active part in the War. They could fight, thank God! They could fight with pucka rifle and bayonet, or with trench mortars or hand grenades or any other kind of weapon as the case might be. But with us who were women it was not so easy, not if you wanted to get into the thick of it, which of course most of us did, and I soon found that "war work" under these conditions, did not drop into one's lap. It was not a question of *wanting*

to do the work; the question naturally was: "If we sent you to the front, what could you do? Are you a trained nurse? Can you drive an ambulance?" To both of these questions I, personally, was obliged to answer "No." But I had made up my mind that I was going to get abroad, even though I seemed to be regarded as lacking in all the requirements necessary for foreign service, and I refused to look upon the situation as an *impasse.* So I did whatever work I appeared to be fitted for, and in leisure moments I continued my active service search. I used to ask: "If I join such and such a unit, do you think it will be sent abroad?" "We cannot promise you that," was the usual answer, so I would turn away and go back to the rolling of bandages and the knitting of socks. At last I heard of a unit which was being organized by someone I knew, who told me, *sub rosa,* that she had every reason to hope that it would be sent to Belgium if its prospective members got certain First Aid Red Cross Certificates. The Red Cross classes had already started, but I got permission to join them, as a late comer, trusting to pass the examination when the time came. We all worked hard, attending lectures, at which we took copious notes; in the intervals bandaging unfortunate Boy Scouts, furnished us for the purpose; applying tourniquets until their poor little hands became quite black and swollen as a result of our inexperienced methods; trying every kind of First Aid experiment on them. We were very zealous in this work, and generally, by the time we had each got our Boy Scout's arms and legs done up in splints for imaginary compound fracture; had enveloped his head in yards and yards of gauze; had tied up his jugular vein; had wound thick compresses over his chest (pneumonia of course); and had added an abdominal band as a final touch, what was still visible of the original Boy Scout was really not worth mentioning—a mouth or an ear or two, no more. Had those small Boy Scouts, issued to us by the Commissariat for our private consumption, not been young and tender, and therefore very innocent and long-suffering, there would have been open mutiny among them. They certainly did their "bit"! Yet after all our efforts; after the class had successfully graduated, we were told that the official forming of us into a unit would not be done "for the present." No explanation. That settled it. "Bother units!" I said to myself, "I'm not going to sit here stuffily to be strangled by red tape. If I'm not careful the War will be over before I have so much as started, and efficient or inefficient, I'm going to get into it. I refuse to be 'organized'." So I began to look about for an independent opening, and, of course, I found one almost immediately.

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

SYMBIONTICISM AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES[1]

THE term symbiosis or symbionticism is used by the biologist to signify an associational life of two dissimilar organisms. It may often happen that the association is mutually advantageous, but, on the other hand, it may as often come about that one of the partners gains at the expense of the other. Indeed it is all but impossible to draw lines of demarcation in a graded series of symbiotic associations which range from partnerships indifferent to both contributors, through various shades of mutualism, to the extreme of parasitism in which one symbiont preys upon and often ultimately destroys its companion. The lichen which lives upon a tree trunk derives a certain small advantage from its position. It is no longer subject to the destructive competition of the more robust soil vegetation; it is lifted into the light and air and it is able to obtain its slender requirement of food salts and water from a substratum which would be fatal to most plants. Likewise the Spanish moss whose grey, beard-like streamers hang from the trees in Southern woodlands, is but a harmless air-plant which has utilized the shoulders of a tall friend as a convenient method of getting up in the world.

But it is very easy to pass from such an innocent "leaning on" to a condition of true parasitism with its attendant degradation. Parasitic plants lose their leaves; their green colour, upon which depended their ability to live an independent life, is taken from them, and they become degenerate images of their independent brothers of the same family. Parasitic animals may lose their sense organs and their powers of locomotion. Their digestive systems may atrophy, and at the extreme of degeneracy, such as is seen in the parasitic crab, *Sacculina*, the whole body becomes a repulsive sac anchored to its host by cancer-like roots.

But the host, too, may be made to pay a penalty for submitting to the ravages of the parasite. There are certain flowering plants which become so dependent upon the fungi which invade them that they lose the ability to carry on their essential vital functions without aid. Their very seeds cannot germinate unless the fungus slave is at hand to feed the young seedlings, and the plant dies if its parasitic associate is torn from it. Yet the fungus is destined to be ultimately devoured. For a brief protection and a chance to feed on the kitchen scraps, it is willing to be offered up on the host's table. The relation reminds one of that of Sybarite and slave in some dark tale. The orchids are notable sinners in this respect. They are associated with

[1] Wallin, I. E., *Symbionticism and the Origin of Species;* Baltimore, Williams and Wilkins, 1927.

certain fungi (mycorrhiza), and the association has become obligatory to both parties. Have we not been told in another connection that certain orchids "have an atmosphere which is distinctly evil"?

Our study at this time, however, is not concerned with parasitism, but rather with that type of mutualistic association which is beneficial to both contributors, and which, though it may well involve certain sacrifices, does not necessarily imply the weakening of either party. Seeking for illustrations, one is embarrassed by a wealth of pertinent material, though only a few examples need be given here. The hermit crab, which adopts an empty snail shell for its home, may carry about with it, affixed to its house, a colony of stinging sea anemones. The latter picks up fragments of the foods which escape from the voracious jaws of the crab, while the crustacean itself is protected from the assaults of its enemies by the living battery of stinging cells mounted upon its castle wall. Certain insects have entered into symbiotic relations with one another. Well known are the associations of ants with their "aphid cows". Another example is that of white ants, or termites, which provide themselves with insect pets much as we ourselves play big brother to cats and dogs.

The striking symbiotic relation between insects and flowers forms almost a science in itself. In extreme cases, such as that of the yucca and the pronuba moth, the relation is obligatory for both participants, since the moth deliberately pollinates the flower and then lays her eggs in the young fruits where her larvæ may feed upon the developing seeds.

All these associations involve rather complex multicellular animals or plants, and there is little possibility that the combination would be considered a single organism by the biologist; but certain microscopic races of living things effect such extremely intimate associations with their hosts that they sometimes seem to be integral parts of its body. For example, the ordinary Amœba is a colourless one-celled animal. But Amœba has two close relatives, Chloramœba and Chrysamœba, which respectively contain green and brown granules in their bodies. The green granules of Chloramœba are known to be symbiotic green algal cells (zoochlorellæ), while the brown granules of Chrysamœba are associated brown algal cells (zooxanthellæ). So the zoologist recognizes three distinct genera of these allied amœbæ, yet admits that two of them have arisen through an intimate association of the animal with certain algal cells.

Can it be possible that in this peculiar fact we have a long neglected key to the profound mystery of the origin of species? Darwin does not explain how new species arise; he merely shows how natural selection may work upon a basis of organic variations which are already provided, and, while conserving the "fit", may destroy those which are ill adapted to the environmental conditions. The question as to why there should have been any variations in the first place, is left as an unsolved mystery.

Can it, then, be possible that in a principle usually considered to be a mere biological curiosity and an aberration from the normal course of nature—

namely in symbiosis—we have all the time held in our hands the key to the mystery of variation?

In a certain sense there is a resemblance between symbiosis and true species hybridism. It is becoming increasingly evident that new species can arise through the latter process. In order, however, that hybridism may occur, the species must usually be rather closely allied if the germ cells are to unite, whereas in the theoretical genesis of new species by symbionticism the participants may be of widely diverse affinities and the blending involve the whole vegetative soma rather than the specialized germ plasm. It seems evident, however, that there is no fundamental difference between the origin of species by hybridism and by symbionticism: the former is but a specialization of the latter, and both are but manifestations of a tendency of cells to be attracted to one another.

It would be of interest to consider more fully the numerous and peculiar symbioses of algæ or fungi with sponges, hydroids, worms, moss-animals and even starfishes among animals, and with mosses, ferns, cycads and flowering plants; but such considerations would take us too far afield. It may be noted, however, that the associations between algæ and fungi are of particular importance in the present connection, since they constitute the group of plants known as lichens. In other words, every species of lichen is a symbiotic organism, yet the characters of these plants are so marked and they possess such a seeming autonomy, that the botanist has been obliged to give them definite species names, though he well realizes that he can cultivate both the alga and the fungus separately on nutrient media, and can even make new lichen species by combining various algæ and fungi into partnerships which they never assume in a natural state.

It is not the algæ and fungi alone of the microscopic races which play a part in symbiosis; the bacteria are of almost universal occurrence, and their gradational relations with their plant and animal hosts run the gamut from mere indifferent association, through mutualism to parasitism.

Before dealing with bacterial symbiosis in more detail, it will be well to turn aside for a moment and consider another profound biological mystery—that of the origin of the cell itself. Whence arose the primordial cells with their nuclear and cytoplasmic equipment? We believe that the present free-living, unicellular plant and animal population of the water, perpetuates the conditions of an earlier world of life. We know that each tiny organism lives an independent existence, and that the individuals of a species increase in number by the simple expedient of fission. Furthermore we are assured that from this swarm of discrete units the first multicellular organisms arose. Whether their origin was due to an assemblage of previously free-living cells (much as birds of a feather flock together), or whether it arose from the coherence, or better, the non-disjunction of the products of division of an original cell, would be hard to determine, but, in any case, the result was to bring into existence a new, and in this case, a multicellular species. Physical cellular units, through their aggregation, brought an Idea of higher degree

into manifestation, and started the declaration of the hierarchical principle of which the whole drama of evolution has been the progressive revelation.

There remains still the question of the genesis of the cell; it is unthinkable that it arose by a sudden leap out of inorganic matter. Such a supposition is as bad as Milton's specially created lions pawing their way out of the encompassing earth.

Speculations relative to the genesis and the evolution of the cell, have not been wanting. Professor A. H. Church cuts the Gordian knot at a single stroke: "the nucleated cell . . . arose from nothing at all but the ionized sea-water; there was nothing else to make it from." Very good, and in like manner man arose from an "amœba"; but it is not always necessary to neglect the intermediate links in a chain of causation. Professor Minchin has suggested a line of primordial chromidial particles arising from colloidal matter of the sea, to organize later into biococci (which he compares definitely to existing bacterial micrococci), to undergo reaggregation into a nucleus which secreted cytoplasm and became thereby a typical cell.

Such hypotheses have appeared so highly tenuous to most biologists that their discussion has been generally regarded as a waste of time, since they were but speculation resting upon no known facts.

But let us regard the problem more intimately. Just what is it that must be evolved out of ionized sea-water? The typical cell is a unit mass of cytoplasm containing a nucleus. The nucleus is a body of extreme structural and physiological complexity; it governs the activity of the cell and seems to bear the hereditary material of the organism in the form of a substance known as chromatin. The cytoplasm is a colourless, viscous emulsion made up of an elaborate mixture of chemical compounds. It carries many kinds of visible bodies, but the most important of these, from our present standpoint, are the chondriosomes or mitochondria. These are normal cytoplasmic constituents, and are sometimes present in such great numbers that, when properly stained, they become the most conspicuous bodies in the cell, reminding one forcibly of swarms of bacteria. They occur in the form of granules or rods, and seem to be ubiquitous in plant and animal cells. Reaching back no farther than 1890, when they were first described by Altmann, the literature upon these mysterious bodies has already grown to enormous proportions. Almost every conceivable function has been attributed to them. Benda (1899), and, later, Meves, stated that they became the myofibrils of muscle cells; Guillermond (1912) asserted that they became the chloroplasts of plants. Other investigators have attributed to them the rôle of transformation into a wide variety of pigments and secretions in both plants and animals.

Although in 1890, Altmann had named them bioblasts, and had described them as living bodies in the cell, and, in fact, as the ultimate units of living matter, his view was vigorously attacked and quickly lapsed from view. In 1922, Professor I. E. Wallin, in a published article, asserted that the chondriosomes are actually bacteria living in symbiosis with the cell. In 1927 appeared a book by the same author, entitled *Symbionticism and the Origin of Species*,

in which he reasserts his belief in the bacterial nature of the chondriosomes, and, in addition, puts forward the startling thesis that the cell arose from bacterial fusion, and that symbiosis is a dominant factor in the origin of species. His view rests upon a series of careful comparisons between bacteria and chondriosomes in regard to staining properties, chemical and physical reactions, etc. But as a crowning proof that chondriosomes are really bacteria, he claims to have cultured them free from the cell in nutrient solutions.

Wallin's view has not been widely accepted, and it is still too early to say with assurance that chondriosomes *are* bacteria; the work must be repeated by other investigators, and the broader theory must run the fire of scientific criticism.

It is this broader theory which interests us most, and we have already paved the way to its further consideration. Professor Wallin not only asserts that the chondriosomes are bacteria, but he boldly suggests that the cell arose in evolution from the symbiotic union of bacteria, and that the evolution, not only of the single-celled, but also of the multicellular races, was due to the successive invasions of different strains of these minute beings. It has long been known that the bacteria are without nuclei, and that in this respect they differ from all other organisms except their close relatives, the blue-green algæ. They do, however, possess granules of chromatin-like material in their bodies, and this substance is supposed to be the essential material which forms the basis of the nucleus in higher organisms. Bacteria are the smallest known plants,—certain micrococci, for instance, are so tiny that 1,000,000,000 could be accommodated inside a cubic millimeter of water. Furthermore, bacteria and blue-green algæ constitute the most ancient plant fossils known. In addition to all this, some species are capable of utilizing the carbon-dioxide of the air to produce carbohydrates, though they possess no chlorophyll, and they can also absorb free atmospheric nitrogen for protein synthesis. Organisms with such an assemblage of peculiar features, suggest an early earth where conditions for life were more austere than those which characterize the world to-day. So from a basis of structure, history and physiology there is nothing which negatives the idea that the bacteria may have been ancestral to the nucleated cell.

Professor Wallin suggests that bacteria of various kinds entered into symbiotic organizations to form the diverse, elementary, planktonic races of the sea. Their chromatin granules aggregated to make a nucleus, while the residue of their combined somas became the cytoplasm of the cell. The chondriosomes of our present cells are those more recent bacterial invaders whose fusion with the earlier cytoplasm is not yet accomplished fully, and whose entrance and blending with the original "symplasm" transforms the organism into a new species. The bacteria are supposed to yield their units of hereditary substance (chromatin) to the mass of germ-plasm already in the cell, so that the whole combination can be perpetuated by heredity. Such new species may be at first merely physiological—viz., characterized by a new

function which separates them from previous species, though, as is widely evident elsewhere, symbionticism is quite capable of bringing about morphological transformations. To quote Professor Wallin's own words: "It appears to the author that Symbionticism offers a rational explanation for many of the variations in the morphology and physiology of plants and animals. When these variations are of sufficient magnitude and permanence they constitute new species. The fact that mitochondria are universally present in the cells of all organisms higher than the bacteria, that mitochondria are bacterial in nature and that microsymbiosis can determine morphologic and physiologic changes in organs and cells, can lead to no conclusion other than that *Symbionticism is a fundamental causative factor in the origin of species.*"

And now, having listened to the words of a modern man of science, let us turn to *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 281, to a passage written by Madame Blavatsky in 1888. "Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organisms of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, ærobes, anærobes and what not. But Science has never yet gone so far as to assert with the Occult doctrine, that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants and stones, are themselves altogether built of such beings; which, with the exception of the larger species, no microscope can detect. So far as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future which are destined to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths."

Are our bodies, then, built up from bacteria and smaller lives? H. P. Blavatsky asserted it, and the findings of the modern trained scientist go far to corroborate her words. It will be noted furthermore that the above quoted passage refers to organisms too small for the microscope to detect. This, too, is significant in view of the modern problem of "filtrable viruses". It has been known for some time that no visible causal organism can be connected with certain transmitted diseases such, for example, as Texas cattle fever. Body fluids from diseased animals may be filtered through porcelain filters and yet the clear filtrate, seemingly free from particles so far as the microscope can show, will produce the disease if introduced into healthy animals. This has led to the theory of causal organisms outside the limit of microscopic visibility. It has been claimed that they can be cultured upon gelatine where they produce colonies visible to a compound microscope. Such colonies must, in theory, be made up of myriads of separate individuals. The very fact that they can build up visible colonies implies that they are living units possessed of reproductive power. Once more modern science tends to corroborate the words of *The Secret Doctrine* [2]:—"beings which, with the exception of the larger species, no microscope can detect."

[2] See also Vol. I, pp. 268, 269, 278, 279, 281 *et seq.* (1893 ed.)

One more scientific approximation to the great truths given out by the custodians of Wisdom many years ago. Slowly, year by year, their number increases while each scientific advance is hailed as a "new discovery". If, in truth, Symbionticism is a Principle which has played a considerable, or even a major, part in evolution, it holds a great significance for us. Principles have a way of being applicable to widely diverse fields. Here is a Principle which lifts organisms of diverse origin into a higher autonomy, to which each is indeed subordinated, but to which each contributes and from which each receives. Furthermore, it is evident that the newcomers may perhaps be the ones who will shift the association to still higher levels, helping to generate a new species or, in other words making it possible for the organism to manifest a new and more dynamic Idea.

R. E. T.

To every man there openeth
A Way and Ways and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low.
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.—JOHN OXENHAM.

LODGE DIALOGUES

VIII

The duties of each moment under their baffling appearances, conceal the truth of the Divine Will. They are, as it were, the Sacrament of the present moment.

DE CAUSSADE.

AT Recreation I joined a group of Brothers and novices sitting in the garden. As I slipped noiselessly into a seat I heard one of the Brothers saying:—

"No, I cannot altogether agree with you. God is a Unity, not a diversity; being a perfect Unity he contains all diversity. There can, therefore, be but one Religion, one binding of the soul to God; 'the Wisdom of God and the Power of God', which binds to God, must be One, else how could it consummate union with him? Yet, as there is great diversity of souls, in various stages of development, even in the limited range of consciousness available to our perception, so, this one Religion, to meet all those needs, must be subjected to a like diversity,—a diversity which, at times, may appear practically antagonistic, even as the souls to which it ministers are antagonistic,—but in essence still the same, springing from the same source, and binding back to that source. Would you hold a leopard and a butterfly with the same cord? God has an equal understanding in dealing with his children; and their diversity, which exists in him, is provided for by the corresponding diversity of custom and creed which also exist in him. See many religions as you see many kinds of men; see God, the Divine Light and Life, in them all,—the tolerance, the compassion, the unerring insight of the Law."

"The fault, then, lies in lack of insight?" asked a novice.

"Not fault, surely", the Brother answered, "but lack of evolution, of development. One thing that we greatly need is to take true measure of men, to see where they really stand; to expect neither too much nor too little of them; to stop measuring them by ourselves as yardstick. We are of little use in outer work until we have learned this. It requires great detachment: detachment from ourselves, first and foremost; then from 'human respect'."

"Charity also, I suppose", someone added.

"Charity is inseparable from detachment, nor can we have it without: 'it follows as the night the day'. Detached from self, we shall always be detached from 'creatures', and thus increasingly attached to God,—not above the world, nor apart from the world, but in the world, though not of it. Nothing entangles us with others or with life itself save self-love. Freed from that, we may behold those about us dispassionately, purely—therefore understandingly and with sympathy."

"I am so glad you did not say with kindness", murmured another novice.

A Brother near him heard, and laughed.

"Yes, we have all suffered from kindness", he said, "it is usually a heavy affliction, the trouble being its personal quality,—the gratuitous assumption, too often in it, that what the doer likes is also to our taste. Those who have lived much with kind people, know its wonderful training in patience."

There was a general laugh at this.

"What you say proves my thesis", said the first Brother, "the necessity of detachment for charity. When a man works from himself as centre, his works will come back to himself: when a man works from God as his centre, his works will return to God, and diffuse a divine blessing,—not his, as in the former case."

"May we go back to the subject of religions?" asked one of the company—I fancied he to whom the Brother had been speaking when I came. "Since there is then really one Religion, there is some justification for the attitude of those religious and denominations of religious (and in one guise or another it is the usual attitude) who hold that their particular form is the one and only true form, or at least the best; they are feeling after a truth even though they pervert it."

"A perversion proves the existence of a truth in its vicinity," said a Brother.

"And I should go a step further," said the Brother who had spoken first. "The average understanding is still two-dimensional. Men think up and down and back and forth, some in a wide area, some in a narrow; but give them depth, make them think *in*, and they are confused, lost, feel themselves drowning in a fathomless ocean,—which it is, but no need to drown there. Now to minds of that type, whether good or bad does not matter, what is the use of trying to give them universal truths? They can have, with their instrument, no possible means of understanding what you say; and if you persist, and are successful in convincing them that there is something after all in what you are saying, your accomplishment is probably deplorable in its results. You will have robbed them of some of their zeal and enthusiasm. Unable to go *in*, their thoughts will spread over a portion of the larger territory you have given them and, become shallow, cease to have their strength of current; you will have injured, not have aided them. Take from an average Christian the idea that Christ is unique as a Master, and you run a serious risk of taking Christ away from him altogether. It is characteristic of the two-dimensional mind to consider its truth in terms of superiority—the superiority that consists in being on top, *on the surface;* for to it, what is not on the surface is *below;* must therefore be wrong. His inherent feeling is that his Master, or his Church, must be the one and only Master or Church, or else it is not a real Master or Church at all. Here an incomplete instrument gropes after the profound truth that that which is divine must be One and indivisible; but brought to the surface of this mind it can be seen only in terms of surface, proportioned to its limitations. What Master has ever failed, in any demonstration of himself, to recognize this?

Has not the Christ, in all ages, appeared, to those who could see him, in forms of their understanding, in terms of their 'religion' and their time? Catholic to Catholic, Protestant to Protestant. What folly for either to claim that his vision is true and the other false. What folly upon folly to weaken the hold of either vision by explanations that cannot explain, by knowledge that obscures. O little man, of little knowledge, hold thy peace, lest a like fate befall thee. Give to thy brother more of his Christ, by deepening his love and devotion for what he can see, by purifying it, and increasing its power upon him. Stop there: his Christ, in the fulness of time, will do the rest.

"So of all the religions; convert their followers to their own, not to yours. At the heart of each lies the one Religion sprung from the heart of God. Who am I to say by what cord God will have a soul bound to him? But when, by means of his cord, the soul has been drawn in to the Centre from which he came forth, nay, long before he has reached that Centre, cords he no longer requires. When the soul enters the magnetic circle, he is drawn, drawn by the Love about him, by the Love within him. The cords fall away. He is not bound: he is a part."

On the last words sounded the Compline bell. In silence we prayed:

"Save us, O Lord, while we wake, and watch us while we sleep; that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace. Amen.

"O Lord hear, O Lord grant, O Lord forgive."

Amen. Amen.

Into the shadows of the quiet garden we silently dispersed.

M.

True philosophy is that which renders us to ourselves, and to all others who surround us, better, and at the same time more content, more patient, more calm, and more ready for all decent and pure enjoyment.—LAVATER.

ELEUSIS

Blessed is he who has seen these rites (the mysteries) before he goeth beneath the hollow earth, for he understandeth the end of all things, and their source, which is divine. PINDAR.

THE traveller at Athens who has the opportunity to drive out to Eleusis, will find much to interest him. The modern road follows the line of the Sacred Way for some fifteen miles, till it reaches the place hallowed in antiquity by the celebration of the mysteries. On leaving Athens the road passes the gardens which occupy the site of Plato's Academy; then it winds through olive groves, and on past a barren country of hills covered with scanty undergrowth. Half-way to Eleusis is the deserted monastery of Daphne, which is probably on the site of a sanctuary to Apollo, mentioned in Pausanias' *Description of Greece*. Further on is a shrine of Aphrodite, where the Greek peasant girls still make their offerings of garlands and flowers, though now in honour of the Virgin Mary. The road unexpectedly emerges onto a low plain, and the sea is in view; there is the splendid sweep of a wide bay, and in the distance can be seen the outline of the beautiful island of Salamis. The Sacred Way leads along a causeway, built over the low-lying marsh land, and, skirting the bay, ends at Eleusis.

Beyond the present village can be seen the site of the precinct venerated in ancient times as the place of initiation into the Eleusinian rites. Excavations have revealed a number of sanctuaries, of which there remain little but scattered stone columns and monuments. There is a grotto, in the slope of rising ground, known as the "Cave of Pluto"; but far the most interesting of the archæological ruins is the great Hall of Initiation. Only the paving stones remain of what was once a vast square chamber, its roof supported by rows of columns; tiers of steps rose all round the Hall where the initiated sat to watch the performance of the mysteries. On one side, the tiers (which still remain, cut in the rock)lead up to a terrace, which continues along the hillside; thence the "enlightened" could obtain a splendid view towards the West, over the gleaming sea. Further on is a museum, with statues and carved reliefs which have been found on the site. One plaque, in particular, is of interest as showing all the deities of Eleusis, who are seen subordinate to two central figures, designated as Theos and Thea, the unknown or unnamed God and Goddess who presided over the sacred rites. The great Hall is unique in Greek worship, perhaps the only place of meeting, or *ekklesia*, of its kind, and different in structure, as in purpose, from the usual temples, the abodes of the deities.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty to reconstitute a consecutive account of the Eleusinian rites, from the scanty references found in classical literature.

The pledge of secrecy was binding on all who approached the mysteries, and the penalties for divulging the teachings were severe. Yet, in classical times, the great number of those who took part in the rites would seem to show that there was no rigid selection and examination of candidates for initiation, for the ceremonies had become a popular ritual, within the reach of all who were not of depraved character. In the fifth century B.C., Aristophanes, in his comedy of the *Frogs*, could afford to laugh, without fear of penalty, at the procession of candidates making their way to Eleusis. At the same time, Socrates incurred some criticism for refusing to apply for initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. It is probable that, by that time, the ceremonies were valued chiefly on account of the advantages they afforded to the initiated at the time of death, from the knowledge gained as to the underworld. Some writers criticized this, as providing an unfair advantage. Perhaps it was somewhat similar to the merit gained by pilgrims in the Middle Ages, who undertook certain journeys, or penances, or ritual acts, as affording plenary indulgence "applicable at the hour of death."

Whatever the conditions may have been in the fifth century B.C., it is certain that the origin of the Eleusinian mysteries went back into a far distant past, co-extensive with the "ante-Phidian sculptors and the pre-Homeric poets," when, in truth, the Mysteries held the "world of thought and beauty." By the time of the classical epoch of Greek history, the light that illumined that earlier age had grown dim; the Mysteries were no longer understood by men. It has been suggested in an article in the QUARTERLY (July, 1922) that the "publication and vulgarization (in the literal sense) of the substance of the Mysteries" may have been either a cause or an effect of the "spiritual degeneration of Greece." An attempt to reconstruct the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, as it has come down to us, may serve to show that the origin of all such ceremonies was divine, dating from the time when the Mysteries were kept very secret and holy, and divulged only to the few. Indeed, it has been hinted in *The Secret Doctrine* that all exoteric ceremonial shows traces of divine foundation, often misunderstood and travestied by popular superstition. All that the historian can do is to collect and set down the evidence, and leave it to the intuitive to clothe the facts in living thought,—to make the dry bones rise.

There were definite stages in the ceremonial, which led from a preliminary purification (*catharsis*), through the united performance of sacrificial or ritual acts (*sustasis*), towards a revelation (*teletē* or *muesis*), and on to a crowning vision (*epopteia*). The sequence is interesting, and it may be noticed that much importance was attached, in Greek worship, to the need for purification. The Greater mysteries were held every year, after the harvest in the month of September; but all candidates for initiation must have received preliminary instruction in the Lesser mysteries, celebrated at Athens in the early spring, during the month of February. The candidate might then aspire to initiation as a *mystes*. Before the celebration of the Greater mysteries, heralds, in many of the Greek cities, proclaimed a "sacred truce." The immediate preparation,

at Athens, extended over several days. On the first day the candidates assembled, and the herald made proclamation: "Come all ye who are pure of heart and whose speech can be understood. Whosoever hath not clean hands, whosoever hath not intelligible voice, must not assist at initiation." It seems that considerable importance was attached to the pronunciation or chanting of certain formulas, and, from this, the exoteric necessity for an "intelligible voice" can be understood; it was perhaps some recognition of the power that dwells in a mantram.

All the candidates had to undergo rites of purification. It is thought that there may have been instituted, by the priests, some system of "confessional," but authorities are not agreed as to this. The next day the cry went up, "To the sea, Mystics," and a procession was formed to take the candidates to the ceremonial bathing, in two consecrated lakes near the Sacred Way. On the following day each candidate had to provide a pig, drive it down to the sea, and there make sacrifice. Possibly the pig was symbolic of lower nature. Aristophanes makes much fun of the procession of pigs, as affording useful comic relief in a series of ceremonies which extended over some time, and which involved considerable strain and fatigue. Rigid fasting was ordained on the third day, and every form of recreation or pleasure was banned. Various processions took place, and finally the candidates assembled at nightfall for the march to Eleusis, a distance of fifteen miles. Candidates were required to walk along the Sacred Way, but it was decreed that if any woman chose to ride in a chariot, she should pay a heavy fine for the privilege. All bore torches, and wore wreaths of myrtle, symbol of immortality. They were in charge of the *mustagogoi*, leaders of the procession, and sang songs to Iacchos (Dionysus), and to the Maiden-Mother (Demeter). Various refrains contained the invocation IAO, which, in *The Secret Doctrine*, is given as the mystery name of the Deity.

Once the procession had arrived at Eleusis, the actual ceremonies were performed in the great Hall. It is difficult to reconstruct a consecutive account of what took place. The ceremonies consisted of ritual acts, which were followed by "revelations." Some critics have suggested that the "revelations" were elaborately staged by the priests, with the help of underground apparatus and scenic effects. But the investigation of archæologists has shown no subterranean structure, or secret places in the great Hall. It is certain that some kind of mystery drama was enacted, to typify the mournful wanderings of Demeter in search of her daughter Persephone, who had been carried off by the god of the underworld. Possibly the drama also symbolized the wanderings of the soul in the regions of darkness, before it has attained the true light. The effect, on the spectators, was supposed to be one of fear and foreboding. Then suddenly, from a sacred place screened off in the centre of the Hall, the curtains rose and displayed a brilliant light. This constituted the first degree of initiation. Information as to the second degree is very confused, but it is believed to have included some form of sacred marriage ceremony, typifying union with the Divine. The third degree was the most solemn of all, showing

the result of that union, revealed in the fulness of knowledge. It is probable that a sacred feast formed part of the ceremony. Clement of Alexandria, who claims to have been initiated in the second century A.D., afterwards disclosed the pass-word: "I have fasted, I have drunk the barley-drink, I have taken things from the sacred chest, tasted, and placed them back in the basket, and again in the chest."

The initiate pronounced the words, "I am free," and then uttered an invocation, including a promise of secrecy, which ended with the words: "So help me, Word of the Father which he spake when he established the whole universe in his Wisdom." These words resemble well-known verses in the opening chapter of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word. . . . All things were made by him." They are also curiously similar to an Hermetic fragment quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, which included an invocation,—"by the Word, only Son of the Father, who upholds all things." The writer of *The Secret Doctrine* comments on the fact that the invocation is exoteric in form, since, in esoteric teaching, "to speak of God is impossible." Possibly the esoteric truth was concealed, at Eleusis, in the worship of Theos and Thea, the unknown God and Goddess who presided there over all the other deities. They are unique in Greek worship, though, in later times, St. Paul, when in Athens, found an altar to the Unknown God: "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

The celebration of the mysteries was terminated by the hierophant with the words, "Conx ompax," which are said to mean, "Watch and do no evil," though it is not necessary to assume that this was other than a "blind" to their true meaning. They are supposed to have been Egyptian in origin, and to have been the same as those used at the conclusion of the mysteries of Isis. More than one writer—in particular Paul Foucart in *Les Mystères d'Eleusis*—has drawn attention to the similarity between the Eleusinian mysteries and the Egyptian ritual. He concludes that Demeter is the same as Isis, and that Dionysus is Osiris; and this supposition is confirmed by various other authorities. It is impossible to overlook the significance of the deities presiding over the Corn and Wine. It is said that in the third degree of initiation the most important "revelation" was an uplifted stalk of wheat, as showing, perhaps, the eternal cycle of birth, death and resurrection; which necessarily remind us of the words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. . . . I, if I be lifted up. . . ."

In Orphic teaching, much consideration was given to the eternal cycle of growth and decay; the terms to denote this are *anodos* and *kathodos*, which are perhaps akin in meaning to involution and evolution. The idea of communion with the Divinity, foreshadowed in the Eleusinian rites, was further developed in Orphic ritual. There have been found, in Southern Italy, a number of Orphic tablets, inscribed on gold, said to express greetings to the initiate soul:

"I am the son of Earth and starry Heaven."

"I am perishing with thirst, give me to drink of the waters of memory."
"I have paid the penalty of unrighteousness."
"I have flown out of the weary sorrowful wheel (*kuklos*) of life."
"Out of the pure I come."
"Thou art become God from man."
"O blessed and happy one, thou hast put off thy mortality and shalt become divine."

In the last sentence one is reminded once more of St. Paul,—"that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

Foucart denies that there was any outer connection between the Orphic brotherhoods and the Eleusinian rites, though he stresses constantly the Egyptian origin of the mysteries. It is clear in any case that while identity of teaching is noticeable in the study of every true religion and brotherhood, this proves their unity of origin rather than any outer connection.

At first sight it is somewhat confusing to find Plato, in a number of dialogues, referring with great reverence to the sacredness of the Mysteries, while his teacher, Socrates, refused to have anything to do with the Eleusinian rites. This is probably explained by the fact that in the time of Socrates, the ceremonial at Eleusis was a mere travesty of the original teaching, which had its source in a distant past. As to the true Mysteries, there are illuminating passages in Plato. It is well to remember that he has been accused of divulging too much about the secret doctrine, to those not yet prepared to receive it. In the *Phædo* is given the dramatic and moving scene of Socrates in prison, surrounded by his disciples who have come to be with him until his last hour, when he is compelled to drink the poison, and fulfil the sentence of death passed upon him. Socrates, in eloquent words, has described the glory and beauty of the immortal soul, and he comments: "I fancy that the men who established our mysteries had a very real meaning; in truth they have been telling us in parables all the time that whoever comes to death uninitiated and profane will be in the mire, while he who has been purified and initiated will dwell with the gods. 'For the wandbearers are many', as they say in the mysteries, 'but few the god-possessed.' And by these last are meant, I believe, only the true philosophers, in the number of whom, during my whole life, I have been seeking, according to my ability, to find a place." The "wand" of initiation is said to have been similar to that used by Prometheus, when he concealed the fire from Heaven in a hollow stalk. It was perhaps afterwards used, during the ceremonial, as a torch. Students of Theosophy will connect this with what *The Secret Doctrine* says about Kundalini.

In the *Phædrus* are many passages, of wonderful beauty, showing the joy that attends the study of true philosophy. It is said that he who recollects divine teachings and employs his memory aright, "is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes perfect; he forgets earthly interests and is wrapped in the divine." Of the true philosophers it is recorded: "We beheld the essence of beauty and were initiated into mysteries. . . . which we

celebrated in our state of innocence . . . admitted to the sight of apparitions, shining in a pure light, ourselves pure, and not yet enshrined in that living tomb in which we are imprisoned, as an oyster in its shell." It was a well-known teaching of the Orphic brotherhoods that the body was a tomb. A direct allusion to secret teaching can be found in Pausanias: "He who has seen the mysteries of Eleusis, and read the Orphic books, knows what I mean."

The death and resurrection of Dionysus was perhaps the central fact of Orphic ritual. It is not known to what extent this drama was re-enacted at Eleusis. A pæan, found at Delphi, tells of places sacred to Dionysus, and declares, "he is worshipped at Eleusis, under the name of Iacchos." In the Eleusinian rites the more important deity was Demeter, the great Earth-Mother, who searched in sorrow for her daughter Persephone. The myth is well-known: the Maiden wandered too far in the fields one day, picking narcissus and other spring flowers, when Pluto, god of the underworld, suddenly appeared in his dark chariot, and carried her off to Hades. The girl's Mother sought her, disconsolate, and all earth mourned with her, and all growing plants drooped and died. Finally a compromise was effected whereby Persephone should dwell for six months with her Mother, and for six months in the regions of darkness. The seasonal death and resurrection of all nature was thus connected with the journey of the soul, through darkness and through light. The whole legend is given, with a wealth of detail, in the Homeric hymn to Demeter, which dates perhaps from the seventh century B.C. It is said that the Mother, in her wanderings, came to Eleusis, disguised as an old woman, and was kindly received by Celeus and Metaneira. They entrusted her with the rearing of their child, Demophoon, and Demeter decided to make him immortal. For this purpose, she fed him on ambrosia, and concealed him by night in the glowing fire on the hearth. One day this was discovered, and made known to the panic-stricken parents. Once the secret was revealed, Demeter could no longer work the charm to make the child immortal. Instead, she gave to Demophoon (some say to his brother Triptolemus) a dragon-chariot, and seeds of wheat. She taught the people of Eleusis the methods of agriculture, and revealed the cult of the mysteries. The Hymn concludes: "She showed them the manner of her rites, and taught them her goodly mysteries, holy mysteries which none may violate, or search into, or noise abroad, for the curse from the gods restrains the voice. Happy is he among mortals who hath beheld these things. And he that is uninitiate, and hath no part in them, hath never equal lot in death beneath the murky gloom."

The significance of the wheat, in the Eleusinian rites, can be readily understood. Other symbols are of interest. An ancient statue of Demeter shows the goddess with a handful of poppies, as well as a sheaf of corn, and the poppies seem to have entered into the ceremonial at Eleusis,—a symbol, perhaps, of the sleep of forgetfulness that enwraps the soul, or of death the "twin-brother of sleep."

Another flower connected with the mysteries was the narcissus, which was perhaps used during the spring celebrations of the Lesser mysteries. In

legend, the beautiful youth Narcissus fell in love with his own form, seen reflected in still water. Unable to reach the image, he pined away and died, and was changed into the flower which bears his name. The flower, a six-pointed star, is sometimes taken as symbolical of the soul which has become enamoured of corporeal life, and has "fallen" into generation. It was the beauty of that flower which led Persephone away from the calm abodes of the deities, to be enticed into the region of darkness, there to learn, through suffering, before her return to the light of day.

The comments of classical authors all show considerable reverence for the Eleusinian rites. Even Aristophanes, who has the comic-poet's privilege of laughing at everything, while he jests, in the *Frogs*, about the procession of the candidates, yet describes the chants of the mystics in lyrics of surpassing beauty, which have been freely translated in these lines:

"Let us hasten, let us fly
Where the lovely meadows lie,
Where the living waters flow,
Where the roses bloom and blow,
Heirs of Immortality."

It is probable that the teaching at Eleusis testified to the truth of Reincarnation, and that Pindar gained his hope of immortal life from the same teaching, with knowledge as to the end of all things, "and their source, which is divine." Isocrates, in a panegyric, writes: "Demeter bestowed two priceless gifts, cultivation of the fruits of the earth, and the ceremony which brings to the initiated the sweetest consolation at death, and hope of immortality." It is true that the materially minded looked on such knowledge as a safe guide-book to the journey after death, rather than as an incentive to earn immortality in this life. Plato refers to the fact that, in his day, the teaching of the mysteries had become degraded, by popular superstition, to the advantage of the "mystery-mongers,"—a condition of things which provides a striking analogy to what has happened in this century, since the swing of the pendulum of popular thought has led multitudes from scepticism to over-credulity in regard to any new or mysterious teaching. There is a passage in the *Republic* which tells of mendicant prophets who produce works by Musæus and Orpheus, persuading people and cities that thus atonement may be made for sin, "processes which they call initiations, that free us from the pains of Hades." Such teaching, which tended to destroy the sense of responsibility in man, became a menace, providing a cheap way of obtaining salvation, only comparable with the "Sale of Indulgences" during the most corrupt period of the Middle Ages.

Pausanias writes of the halo of antiquity that surrounded the rites at Eleusis: "The Greeks of an earlier age esteemed the mysteries as much superior to all other religious exercises as they esteemed the gods superior to heroes." Aristotle declares that the finer few were changed for the rest of their lives by what they saw at Eleusis, and those few were the makers of Athens. He says:

"The initiated do not learn anything so much as feel certain emotions and are put into a certain frame of mind," and he comments on the absence of dogmatic teaching. It is possible—though this is a conjecture of the present writer, unsupported by historical evidence—that although great numbers of people were admitted to the rites at Eleusis in classical times, perhaps only very few attained to the higher degrees of initiation. There were three known degrees, and at least a year had to elapse between the second degree, of *mystes*, and the third degree of *epoptes*, or seer. Possibly these were only preliminary stages, to prepare those who had sufficient intuition to seek for themselves where the true teaching was to be found. "Knowledge exists and is attainable," and earnest students might be led to undertake the essential discipline and training necessary before they could discover these truths for themselves, in the secret places of the heart, or find them confirmed by those who had both knowledge and experience. The full ceremonial of the Eleusinian rites extended over nine days, said to symbolize the fall of the soul through eight spheres (which included seven planetary regions), down to her dwelling on this earth; but the true philosophers realized that a life-time (or, rather, successive incarnations) of purification, aspiration, and contemplation, was but a light price to pay for the immortal glory or real initiation, the "beatific vision" of the true mystics.

Plutarch writes of the beauty of life after death in the following passage (which has been condensed): "The soul, at the moment of death, experiences sensation as at initiation into the Greater mysteries,—wanderings in darkness, fear, shuddering, terror. Then it beholds a marvellous light and fair places and sacred words and divine apparitions. Man, made perfect, walks without fear, crowned with a garland, and he walks with holy men." Diodorus suggests that the mysteries came from Egypt, by way of Crete; and that that which was openly performed in Crete, was revealed only to the initiates at Eleusis. Speaking of the mysteries celebrated at Samothrace (which are referred to in several passages of *The Secret Doctrine*,) he says that "those who participate become more religious, more just, and in all ways better."

The celebration of the mysteries at Eleusis continued, without interruption, through Roman times. Cicero declares: "Much that is excellent and divine does Athens seem to me to have produced and added to our life, but nothing better than those mysteries by which we are formed and moulded from a rude and savage life, to humanity; and indeed in the mysteries we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but also to die with a fairer hope."

The external control of the Eleusinian festival was taken over by the city of Athens in the time of Solon, but the regulation of all details concerned with the ritual and teaching was in the hands of a special tribe of priests, the Eumolpidæ. It is worth remembering that at Athens there were no professional priests; any citizen of good repute might be elected by lot to perform, for one year, the priestly functions connected with the city. But at Eleusis the priests were experts, who gave time to study and meditation, and were required

to lead holy lives and to remain celibate. They obtained office by right of inheritance in the priestly tribe. There were a number of different officials connected with the mysteries. The hierophant revealed the sacred symbols; the torch-bearer led the procession; the herald made solemn announcement; previous initiates introduced the new candidates. There remains an inscription on a statue of a hierophant named Glaucos, to the effect that "for nine years he revealed to men the radiant ceremonies of the Goddess; in the tenth year he went to the Immortals. It is surely beautiful, that mysterious secret which comes to us from the Blessed; for mortal men, death is not only not an evil, it is a good."

There is an interesting record that Apollonius of Tyana, in the first century A.D., came to Eleusis and desired to be admitted into the mysteries, and that the hierophant refused, on the ground that Apollonius was a magician. Apollonius conjectured that the refusal was due rather to the fact that the hierophant was afraid of him, because he knew so much more about the initiatory rites than the priests themselves. The hierophant gave way; but Apollonius would not then accept the privilege, and declared that he would be initiated at some other time, foretelling the name of the priest who would then receive him. This actually took place, four years later, and Apollonius was perhaps given priestly rank. An inscription to confirm this has been found at Eleusis on a statue erected to a hierophant: "Ask not my name, the mystic packet has carried it away to the blue sea." A later writer added below: "This is the famous Apollonius."

It would seem that the character of the priests and the conduct of the ceremonies at Eleusis were maintained on a high level, nor have any valid accusations been made to the contrary. It is true that some of the Christian writers, in the early centuries, made various allegations which were, however, probably unjustified. They can perhaps be attributed to the fear, on the part of the Christian priests, of too great influence proceeding from the Eleusinian mysteries, which bore, in several respects, such striking resemblance to Christian ceremony.

The Neo-Platonists found deep significance in the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, interpreting the legend of Demeter in several ways, and on different planes of being. It is perhaps a little confusing that they refer to the Greek deities Demeter, Persephone, Dionysus, by their Roman appellations Ceres, Proserpine and Bacchus. There is a valuable article by Thomas Taylor on the subject, published in 1816,[1] which is referred to in *The Occult World.* Taylor affirms that "the intention of all mystic ceremonies is to conjoin us with the world and the gods," but he declares that the profound truth as to immortality, was not given to all candidates for initiation, but merely a preliminary training. He declares that Virgil, in the sixth book of the Æneid, interpreted the external form of the mysteries, but not their recondite meaning. Virgil's description, none the less, has many points that are significant, and probably

[1] *The Eleusinian Mysteries*, by Thomas Taylor; published in "The Pamphleteer," Vol. VIII, 1816.

had considerable influence on the thought of a later mystic, Dante, in the *Divina Commedia*. Æneas has to find his way through a dense wood, which symbolizes the material world, till, under the guidance of the Sibyl, he reaches the mouth of Hell. It is said that the wise men of old "universally considered Hades as commencing in the present life." The hero encounters various shapes and monsters, but finds his sword of no avail against these ghostly phantoms. At last he meets his father Anchises, who reveals to him the spiritual origin of all Creation, in the grand passage,—"An inner Spirit gives life, and Mind moves the whole mass of matter." Before he returns to the world above, Æneas is given further instruction in the mystery teaching concerning Reincarnation and Immortality.

Thomas Taylor has made a study of Neo-Platonic commentators, and gives useful quotations on the subject of the mysteries, as, for instance, from Proclus: "Initiation and inspection (vision) are symbols of ineffable silence, and of union with mystical natures, through intelligible visions." The teaching as to the divine appearances in the mysteries was confirmed by Plotinus. Taylor condemns the arrogance of the critics of his day, who declared that the "illumination" was merely a mechanical contrivance of the priests. He would be even more scornful of modern scholars—the Germans in particular—some of whom, having examined the evidence from every aspect, and being baffled by the secrecy surrounding the teaching, have confidently declared that there really was no secret to discover! The various interpretations of the legend of Demeter suggested by the Neo-Platonists, are rather too elaborate to give in detail; but it is interesting to note that Taylor derives his authority from manuscript writings "in possession of the few." Perhaps it is with intention that he does not comment on the symbolism which is, possibly, of central importance in the Eleusinian rites,—that of the stalk of wheat, shown to the "enlightened."

The mystery teaching can be traced back to the records of ancient Egypt; its language is to be found in the writings of St. Paul, the apostle to the Greeks; the similarity of its ceremonial with Christian ritual is marked and significant. Those who believe in the fundamental unity of religious teaching will appreciate Taylor's concluding statement: "As to the philosophy, by whose assistance these mysteries are developed, it is coeval with the universe itself: and however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world."

S. C.

A REVERSED TRIANGLE

When his emotion follows the powers in their action it carries his perception away, as the wind carries a boat away to sea.

BHAGAVAD GÎTA.

"THE soul is in the body", said Pythagoras, "as a prisoner in a dungeon", and Plato added, completing the thought, that the ambition of the soul is to live disembodied. We misinterpret the great philosopher's idea, if we assume that by disembodiment he meant the separation of the soul from its physical vesture by death or by some astral dissociation during life. The "body" which is the veritable dungeon of the soul, is the vehicle of passion and ignorance, the elemental personality, the *kama rupa*.

The traditional object of the Mysteries of antiquity was to reveal to the aspirant the way to liberation from the realm of Pluto, the dark Hades of elemental consciousness. To that end he was instructed in a "secret doctrine" which was a commentary upon "the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The significance of that teaching for him naturally depended upon the degree of his understanding. But growth in understanding was the reward of a complete acceptance, in thought and deed, of the maxim: "Let truth prevail though the heavens fall." Therefore, he was enjoined not only to exercise his mind, but above all to cleanse it and to still its perturbations, so that when an image of truth was reflected in his consciousness, it would not be deformed beyond recognition. In the last analysis, this mental *catharsis* involved the realignment of the whole array of his desires. In the fire of a selfless devotion he was to consume and transform the passional elements which deflect the rays of truth entering the mind.

It seems that very few succeeded. Madame Blavatsky described in a sentence the fate of the ancient Mysteries and of the many efforts to reëstablish them: "Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard-and-fast dogmas of its own and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which truth alone can impart" (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 193). If the Theosophical Society has succeeded where other movements have failed, it is because it has not degenerated into a sect. Although many of its members have reason to believe in the truth of the Mystery teaching transmitted by Madame Blavatsky and others, no member or clique of members has ever been able to commit the Society as an official unit to a dogmatic acceptance of this or of any other belief. In spite of the fact that no obvious danger threatens the continuity of this tradition of true tolerance, it must be remembered that the future of the Society depends upon the ability of its members to keep free from dogmatism and to grow in understanding. If any of them desire to

become "aspirants" of the restored Mysteries, such freedom and growth must be regarded as indispensable for the work to be done. Therefore, it is not amiss to reflect a little upon the very real perils which are latent in every dogmatic expression of the mind.

The term, dogmatism, has certain connotations which may make us forget its essential meaning. It is usually associated with the pretensions of theologians, especially of those theologians who have been thoroughly discredited by science and common sense. But it is not confined to theology. There are probably few living men who do not daily make innumerable positive assertions which are incapable of proof. Consider, for instance, the platitudes about democracy and international peace which are the common currency of our present public opinion.

The essence of dogmatism seems to be the spirit of *active* misunderstanding, and this explains why its appearance in the mind is fatal to the appreciation of truth. When the mind conceives an idea imperfectly, its conception tends to crystallize as a dogma. One can think of many reasons for this,—inertia, inadequate mental training, self-satisfaction, and so on. However, there is one cause of active misunderstanding which may be said to include all the others. In every case which can be submitted to self-examination, it appears that we believe what we *desire* to believe. If we desire truth in itself, we shall believe that this truth exists, but we shall not be unduly impressed by the efforts of our minds to assimilate or to symbolize it. If we desire to justify ourselves, it will not be the truth which concerns us but some mental formula authorizing our desire. Such a formula has all the qualities needed to define a dogma. To be convinced of this, one need only recall the mental processes which are most active when two or more people are engaged in a religious or political argument. What is at first a minor difference of opinion, or only of definition, becomes, through the desire of each speaker to justify himself, a difference of dogma enhancing in each heart the sense of separateness.

When the subject of misunderstanding is some phase of the Mystery doctrine, one may believe that the resulting evils are much greater than when two very ordinary minds engage in a battle of notions which are quite devoid of any significance in themselves. It seems that a dynamic truth cannot be dragged down to the plane of elemental desires without suffering a perversion which becomes more or less potent in proportion to the original sublimity of the truth.

It is possible to illustrate such a perversion by reference to what appears actually to have happened during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when a great effort is said to have been made to revive a true understanding of the Mystery doctrine among the European nations. It is only too obvious that this effort ended in a veritable orgy of misunderstandings, until at last the spiritual maxims of the Mysteries were reflected upside-down in the minds of those who made use of them. At the same time and according to the degree of their inversion, they assumed a gross and dogmatic colour. Thus one sees, in some old "seals of Solomon", the lower triangle filled with a murky light and half-materialized into the shape of a devil. Finally, the

perverted power of the corrupted formulæ blended with other forces to produce an external cataclysm, the French Revolution.

One original form of the Mystery teaching may be studied in the writings of Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, who was, according to Madame Blavatsky, "a true Theosophist,"[1] and who is traditionally associated with Mesmer and Cagliostro in the attempt to establish a "Theosophical Society" during the Eighteenth Century. His work has a peculiar and tragic interest, because he is stated to have originated the famous triad of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which he called *le ternaire sacré.*[2]

Even a very cursory examination of his philosophy reveals the contrast between his interpretation of the sacred ternary and that of the materialists who adapted it to their own ends. It is the difference between an image or ideal of spiritual evolution and a fatal political dogma.

According to Saint-Martin, liberty, equality and fraternity are inalienable attributes of the soul. He follows Pythagoras and Plato in his explanation of the fact that the earthly experience of man is, nevertheless, marked by tyranny, injustice and fratricide. These evils are not represented by him as the effects of external causes. The soul has brought them upon itself, for it has allowed itself to be enslaved by the passions and ignorance of its bodily instrument. By virtue of its birthright of liberty it can free itself, if its will be rendered active and turned in its proper direction.

In his book, *Des Erreurs et de la Verité*, published in 1775, he discusses at length the problem of liberation. The following quotation makes clear the meaning which he gave to that word.

"I say then that the true faculty of a free Being is to be able, by its own powers, to maintain itself in accordance with the law prescribed for it, and to preserve its force and independence by a voluntary resistance to the obstacles and objects which tend to prevent it from acting conformably to its law. The possession of the faculty of resistance implies the possibility of succumbing in the struggle; for to suffer defeat, it is only necessary for a free Being to cease to will the acts which are appropriate. . . . Thus we discover that man can degrade and enfeeble his liberty at every instant, and this explains why the human species is less free to-day than it was in the beginning. . . . . Nevertheless, the chains of a slave prove only that he is no longer able to act according to the full extent of his natural forces; they do not prove that he was never free. On the contrary, they suggest that he could move freely at this moment, if he had not brought a condition of servitude upon himself" (Vol. I, p. 21–22).

In a later passage, Saint-Martin reconciles the theory or axiom of the *potential* equality of all souls with the observed fact that social institutions have been based upon the *actual* inequalities of human creatures. His argument recalls the teaching of Mahayana Buddhism in which every soul is held to contain within itself the seed of Bodhisattvaship or enlightenment. "In

[1] *Theosophical Glossary*, p. 264.
[2] Mrs. Nesta H. Webster: *World Revolution*, p. 7.

the natural Order", writes Saint-Martin, "if each man manifested all his potential excellence, then every man would be a King." But in fact all men have not evolved their true natures in equal measure. There are souls in various degrees of bondage and there are other souls which are altogether free. If fraternity or brotherhood be the natural relationship of souls, if the individual soul be, indeed, an emanation and an undivided part of the Universal Soul, then the unity of spiritual life provides that the strong must serve the weak. This service they perform by acting as governors or directors of the weak who are unable to govern or to direct themselves. This is the philosophical basis of the "divine right of kings".

"The man who has the courage and the good fortune to preserve himself from the pitfalls of elemental darkness, will have disfigured the ideal of his Principle less than other men who have not made the same efforts. Because he is their superior, because there is between those others and himself a real difference based upon his possession of faculties and powers which they do not equally possess, they will have need of him. . . . Moreover, he who finds himself thus endowed with a temporal empire over others, can be happy only in so far as he stands firm in the *virtues* which have brought him dominion" (Vol. II, p. 20, *seq.*). He makes no distinction between his own interests and those of his subjects.

Under the form of an apparently political discussion, Saint-Martin seems to make explicit certain phases of the ancient teaching concerning the nature and destiny of the soul. He admits that few historical rulers have manifested to any degree the assemblage of high qualities with which he endows the "real Sovereign". There are many who are evil shepherds of the people or who rule in name only, but the viciousness or anarchy of so many actual governments is not the product of hazard or of diabolical ingenuity. It is the fatal consequence of the blindness and lack of aspiration of the fallen race of men, who have the rulers whom they desire and deserve. Nevertheless, mankind has never been deprived of the inner support of its true rulers. "I beg you to believe that real Sovereigns are not imaginary beings, that such beings have always existed and always will exist, because such is the nature of the Order of the Universe."

These real Sovereigns, whom we may identify with the Masters of Wisdom, are ready to serve us if we yield them our loyalty and willing obedience. Their supreme service consists in aiding us to become ultimately their equals in power and understanding, through the communication to us of all their privileges and authority. "They signify that which every man can and ought to become, even in the midst of the impure realm which he inhabits to-day."

These quotations sufficiently illustrate the nobility of Saint-Martin's thought, and its essential identity with the ideas which were re-born with the Theosophical Movement of the Nineteenth Century. The "sacred ternary" of liberty, equality and fraternity seems to have been his formula for the universal theosophical ideals of liberation and brotherhood, these ideals being based upon the affirmation of the oneness of all souls with the

Oversoul. Thus the sacred ternary may be conceived as the ideal form of being within the nature of the First Logos. If the whole Universe be the manifestation of the Logos, the desire to realize that form will be the guiding motive of every creature according to its degree of evolution. In man, that motive ceases to work spontaneously. He must coöperate with Nature, in order to make it an effective power in his life, and such coöperation implies an increasing understanding of his objective.

We know that the Revolutionists and the *intelligentsia* of Eighteenth Century France did not interpret the sacred ternary in this way. They converted it into a dogmatic affirmation of *personal* rights. They misunderstood or, rather, disregarded the central idea of the original doctrine, that liberty, equality and fraternity cannot become manifest as political, social and economic realities until they have been evolved as attributes of the self-consciousness of the soul. They demanded their application at once to the actual political and social state of mankind, without waiting for the soul's development or in any way concerning themselves with it. In other words, they appropriated the rights which belong to the soul alone and claimed them as the natural prerogatives of the psychic personality. There was, in fact, nothing unique or original in their misunderstanding. Since the dawn of human history, the lower man has lived by stealing the fire of the soul. "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers."

The ideas transmitted by Saint-Martin were *inverted* to provide the basis of modern democratic theory. But if we compare the inverted image with its model, we shall notice that in addition to its reversal of aspect it is a very imperfect copy. It is as if we were looking at some object reflected in a convex mirror. Certain features are grotesquely exaggerated, while others are blurred or scarcely outlined at all.

The idea of liberty was thus distorted into the notion of freedom from any obligation to respect the rights of others, and the idea of equality was used to justify the expropriation of the goods of one's neighbours who possessed more than oneself. Fraternity was mirrored in the elemental world as class consciousness. It was calculated that when a number of men share the desire to possess their neighbours' goods, the chances of gratifying the desire are improved if they band together and hunt in packs. It is quite useless to attempt to recognize in detail the prototypes of such notions in the original attributes of the sacred ternary of Saint-Martin, for they have practically reached the limits of deformation. On the other hand, one most important aspect of the Martinist doctrine hardly appears at all in the Revolutionary inversion of it. Saint-Martin had described progress in terms of the evolution of consciousness, and had emphasized the rôle of the real Sovereigns or "Adept Kings" of mankind as the wise and strong sustainers of the weak and ignorant. The Revolutionists who wanted their liberty and equality here and now were not evolutionists, and they could not tolerate the notion that there might exist on this planet other beings wiser and stronger than themselves. The suspicion of such a possibility seems to have haunted Robespierre like a nightmare.

Doubtless, many of the Revolutionists—homicidal maniacs, like Marat, and *amateurs* of political power, like Danton—were intellectually detached from the dogmas of the new democracy which they regarded as mere formulæ wherewith they might cloak their ruling passions. But it may be taken as a fact that without these dogmas to support it the Revolution could never have taken its actual course. They were already present in the consciousness of the nation as dynamic centres of active misunderstanding before the political upheavals began. It is significant that the Abbé Sieyès could assert without challenge before the Convention that the Rights of Man were "so clearly known and so self-evident that their extreme simplicity is without doubt the only reason why anyone ever imagined that the truth could be otherwise". There is historical authority for the view that the dogmas of the Revolution were primarily the product of an intense Masonic activity during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, and that the debasement and failure of the Masonic lodges preceded the convulsions of the First Republic. When the lodges were brought into contact with the Mystery doctrine through the work of Saint-Martin, Cagliostro and others, the response, indeed, was great, but the wrong elements responded.

In a recent article,[3] M. Louis Rougier seems to touch the most active cause of that wrong response. He hints that there are some people who cannot enjoy the opera because they are in the family circle, while others—no better than they, of course, only richer—have seats in the orchestra. Such persons as these are easy converts to the cult of equality. It is an allegory illustrating the hatching of a dogma. Perhaps, the dogmas of the Eighteenth Century were the fruit of similar meditations dictated by similar envies and resentments. Rougier imagines Rousseau and his followers saying, in some moment of lucidity, exactly what they meant: "We want to be free, but we are not as free as we want to be. To legitimize our desire, we decree *a priori* that we have a right to liberty, and that any state refusing our demand is in the wrong."

It would seem that the student of Theosophy can learn much for his own guidance from reflection upon the causes of the failure of past efforts to preserve or to revive the Mystery teaching in the world. The failure of the Eighteenth Century, of which a tentative and fragmentary sketch has been attempted, is, perhaps, the easiest to study because the data are, in general, more available, and because certain reliable information has been published concerning some of the individuals who were then active in France as agents of the Lodge.

It has been suggested that their labours were frustrated by the active misunderstandings of those who received their teaching, and that these misunderstandings resulted in the conversion of a doctrine, intended to move the soul, into a system of dogmas which expressed and "sanctified" the passions of the elemental man. In this way the *theosophy* of Saint-Martin and his

[3] *Mercure de France*, September 1, 1928; art. "De la Mystique démocratique," by Louis Rougier.

associates passed from mind to mind until at last it appeared in the outer arena as a motive of sedition and self-assertion, as a generator of acts which were the reverse of what had been intended by the authors of the original doctrine.

All this may seem remote to the contemporary student who has no intention of joining the Bolsheviki. Nevertheless, the history of the Eighteenth Century illustrates the potencies which are contained in any active misunderstanding of a spiritual truth. If misconceptions be essentially the productions of wrong desire, they are *ipso facto* the moulds of wrong actions. The more noble the truth which is travestied, the more destructive will be the ignoble act which ultimately gives physical form to the travesty.

The student will recall the statement that the Mystery teachings are concerned with universal principles and that no intellectual view of them, in our present condition of consciousness, can possibly be other than partial and imperfect. The value of an intellectual view is that it may fire our imagination with some intuition of a cosmic purpose in which we are privileged to participate. But we cannot effectively participate in it, if we seriously pretend that any mental form by which we symbolize our intuition can be the image of all the truth that there is in the Universe.

As so often, one must resort to a paradox. "One thing I know, that I know nothing", said Socrates, rebuking some opinionated youth. To understand, or rather to grow in understanding, is to recognize at every instant how little one actually knows.

Intellectual humility can and must be cultivated. But our efforts to nurture it will be vain if we do not practise constant discernment between the mortal and the immortal elements of desire. The *intelligentsia* of the Eighteenth Century were intellectually arrogant, but their arrogance was the mental expression of a host of passions, envies, jealousies, vanities, and ambitions.

A philosopher has said that the Good is the true object of every desire, but that in their ignorance men confuse reality with some warped reflection of it in the mind. The essence of a desire is real and its true object is real, but, between them, the imagination, misguided by egotism or passion, inserts a false object, a counterfeit of reality. In order to fortify the illusion that the counterfeit is the real, we make a dogma and assert that it must be so.

S. L.

WHY I REJOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MANY members of the T. S. have told us in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY why they joined the Society. It is interesting to students of Theosophy to note the various circumstances which have influenced their comrades of quite different religious beliefs and ideas to take so important a step.

I happen to be one who joined and left the Society, but who became subsequently thoroughly convinced that the only consistent course was to seek for re-admission. Since this return no misgivings have arisen as to the value of that great opportunity, which every member enjoys, of learning the real meaning of theosophical life and work. It may be of interest to record some of the considerations which led me to retrace my steps, and link my life again with those who are associated in the effort to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.

A Catholic by birth, much of my thought had been given to the ideas of death, judgment, hell, and heaven; to the doctrine of the vicarious atonement; to the efficacy of prayer; the virtue of the sacraments and the necessity of obedience to authority. Authority was really the axis upon which these values turned, for they derived their weight from teachers who inculcated them before the mind was capable of estimating their merits or determining their validity.

A child born of Catholic parents is instructed, as a rule, in the catechism at a very early age, and the preconceived notions of his parents are sedulously packed into his unfolding intelligence. Later on, he is sent to a Catholic school, where the same doctrines are further insisted on in the name of authority delegated by Jesus Christ. He is taught that the goal is the saving of his own soul, so that a sublimated form of self-preservation becomes the motive power of his spiritual battery. His basic presuppositions are: (1) That Jesus Christ is God and Man in one Person. (2) That Jesus Christ founded an exoteric Church identical with the institution of the Papacy.

Anybody subscribing to these propositions is said to be logically committed to Catholicism. These constitute the Rock on which the Church is founded, but, as a writer has wittily said, the Rock itself is in the air.

The religion of Catholic authority held me with a tight rein until my thirty-fifth year. About that time I was much attracted by Florence Marryatt's book, *There is no Death*, in which the main ideas of modern Spiritualism are graphically expounded. Spiritualism paved the way to acquaintance with a number of mediums—to "materialization" séances—clairvoyant delineations

—and puzzling psychic phenomena. *Spirit Teachings*, by the late Stainton Moses, and similar books, gave the first shake to my faith in religious authority. But when the fascination of spiritualistic wonders had worn off, a disillusion set in. The vast majority of the alleged communications from the "other side" were too undignified to be ascribed to the human entities we had known and loved before death took them out of sight. Then the wearying repetition of tests had very little point when once the fact of extra-mundane communication had been established. Nor was I much impressed by either the intellectual or the moral status of the leading exponents of Spiritualism, who had apparently no safe guidance to offer in the most vital and sacred requirements of the human soul. Turning to the lives of the great Catholic saints and mystics, I frequently found the soundest advice and the most uplifting example in the record of their luminous experiences. Anybody who compares the wonders of grace which illumined their ways with the paltry tricks and morbid vulgarities of Spiritualism, cannot but feel that the saints were genuine disciples in the spiritual life.

A note of interrogation, however, had forced its way into nearly every page of my book of faith. The hidden assumptions of dogmatic teachers and the mind-fashioning element in religious concepts, were subjected to a criticism which led me further away from the religion of my childhood. The saints seemed right, yet the Church seemed wrong! Where was the master-hand which would conduct the soul to the light and freedom of the one, and out of the obscurantism and intransigeance of the other?

It was while persistently searching for guidance in this quandary that I came across some members of the Theosophical Society. The numerous difficulties I put to them were answered in a way which showed a living Power was at work, pointing to some Truth towards which all minor verities gravitated—to some Reality in which all reflections were resolved back into their original Light. An eager study of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY followed, and after attending every available meeting for a few months, I applied for admission into the Society. By this time I was pretty well outside the fold, as Roman Catholics understand it. There was a flow of life in the T. S. comparable to the sacramental influx, but without any of those dogmatic limits and obstructions which the Roman hierarchy imposes.

This change, however, was not achieved without some conscious re-actions. All outward religious expression had been dropped, and the loss of the haunting liturgy and impressive ritual of the Church was keenly felt. This may have accounted for a lively interest in a neo-Platonic group devoted to the Greek wisdom. It had a ritual all its own, and a brotherhood which contrived to bring into harmonious concourse, for a time, persons of many social grades and attainments, under an inspiring enthusiasm for spiritual achievement. One of the members of this group introduced me to a Kabalistic Order in which a still more solemn ritual was progressively unfolded. Somewhat to my surprise, I discovered that several Roman Catholics held office in this Kabalistic Circle, and it was eventually through an influence they brought to bear that

I was persuaded to return to the Roman Catholic communion. When it became a question of receiving the sacraments some account of my lapse from the faith became necessary, and my theosophical leanings were disclosed. The good Father who heard my confession, acting under his Archbishop's special instructions, made my resignation from the T. S. a condition of his priestly absolution. I was reluctant to take this step, but felt that, while resigning outwardly from the Society, no authority could interfere with my deep appreciation of the theosophical writers in the QUARTERLY. As M. Loisy says: "You cannot kill ideas with a big stick." Moreover, there was probably some confusion in the Archbishop's mind, owing to Theosophy in England being so generally identified with Mrs. Besant's activities, so that a condemnation perhaps was touching me which should have been reserved for others. Once again, then, I was cradled in the Catholic Church, but gazing this time with interest through the network of the cradle, at other great religions and philosophies now a little better known to me than before. It seemed impossible to silence the thousand voices of enquiry which kept up a forum in my thoughts, even under the roof of orthodoxy. Echoes of the philosophy of freedom followed me everywhere, while critical intuitions startled me with their invading light. The Spirit of Modernism danced in and out of my soul leaving me sometimes puzzled and wondering, sometimes anxious and apprehensive. Meanwhile, I had kept up a little correspondence with some of my old comrades in the T. S. Occasionally we crossed swords on some doctrinal question; but behind the points I tried to emphasize there was a desire to reconcile Catholic theology with Eastern mysticism.

It was clear that the T. S. as such, being entirely free from any doctrines as obligatory upon its members, did not come into conflict with the adherents of any religion. After all, could there exist any RELIGIOUS body which objected to the formation of a spiritual nucleus of humanity?

Yet there was a certain challenge in the fact that the Church put forward her dogmas and regulations in the name of authority from the outside. The T. S. sounded rather a clarion call to the slumbering spirit within man. The Church said "Obey"; the T. S. said "Examine". The Church offered a crutch; the T. S. said "Walk"! Here seemed the parting of the ways between the religion of authority and the science of the spirit.

But the invitation of the T. S. is not to an empty platform, as Professor Mitchell pointed out in his 1927 Convention address. Truth seekers are not merely urged to a *terminus a quo*, such as the religious aspect of Modernism has initiated. On the contrary, it is clear that a very definite and profound philosophy is put forward for examination, and that most students of long standing in the T. S. accept the principles of this philosophy as outlined in *Esoteric Buddhism* and more fully expounded in *The Secret Doctrine*. Spiritual monism being at the base of the esoteric philosophy, presents at once a challenge to the dualistic foundation of Catholic doctrine. Catholicism, though claiming Jesus as its founder, has retained a Jewish conception of God which he repeatedly discountenanced. In *The Secret Doctrine* we are reminded that

Fichte reveres Jesus as the great Teacher who inculcated the Unity of the Spirit of man with the God Spirit or Universal Principle. The breach widens as the sequences of this fundamental divergence develop. Like contortions produced by some central shock, out of the dualistic foundation has come the whole Catholic Christology—the divorce between religion and science—the smothering of the "divine idea" by the institution—and the development of explicit teaching from an alleged *depositum fidei* whose original terms have remained *in abscondito*.

There are many members of the T. S. who are able to reconcile adhesion to the Christian faith with theosophical ideals—why not indeed? But surely it is impossible to accept the fundamental formulæ of *The Secret Doctrine*, without putting oneself outside the pale of institutional Catholicism.

Faced with this dilemma, I sought for some solution in the pages of writers such as Coventry Patmore, Miss Maud Petre, Fr. George Tyrrell, and others, who looked to the spirit rather than the letter of religion; but my study of their views landed me on a negative path, aside from all the roads that led to any positive criterion. It was then that a friend obtained for me an invitation to attend a group engaged in learning the art of "harmonious development" under the guidance of Mr. Ouspensky. He set us working along the line of introspection; of non-mechanical thought and action, *i.e.* non-identification with our own mental and emotional states. Behind Mr. Ouspensky, there was an establishment at Fontainebleau where an extraordinary régime was carried out under the leadership of Mr. Gurjieff, but circumstances prevented me from following up these studies. One day, in reply to my question, Mr. Ouspensky referred to the Eucharist in connection with a certain original provision in the Mysteries, and his remarks were the occasion of another blow to my Catholicism.

Scarcely knowing whither to turn for sound counsel and spiritual lucidity in this *mélange confus de bien et de mal*, I felt impelled to look once more to the T. S. for light. When I reconsidered the answers it gave to the problems of human existence; the foundation of all religious doctrines it disclosed; its absolute freedom from dogmatic tyranny; the results it had produced in the characters of its living exponents; its seen and unseen resources in the work of spiritually educating the devotees of all churches and the students of all philosophies,—I realized that no other step was possible for me than to apply once more for admission. I saw the T. S. as a prismatic organism informed and governed by a spiritual Unity of Divine Light. I assured myself that not even the meanest soul could become linked with so great an instrument, without sharing in that spiritual uplift of which humanity is in so great need to-day.

It then became my privilege to set to work with others like-minded, and to help to win this blessing for others; to become the means, if possible, of putting others on the track of those mighty Truths which have come down to us under the name of The Wisdom Religion or THEOSOPHIA. X. R.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART II, SECTIONS 1–24

CORRESPONDENCE AND EMANATION

IN the second Section of this great Upanishad, Instruction for Disciples is carried a step farther. The principle of Emanation and the great law of Correspondence are illustrated by a series of natural symbols, all of them familiar even to the youngest student of the sacred Wisdom. They are told, first, what it is that emanates, revealing the manifested worlds from the unmanifested Logos. And the triune being of the Logos is once more made clearer, this time by a play of words, based on several meanings of the word Sama, besides its primary meaning, as the system of magical intoning which is the heart of the Sama Veda. The three meanings of Sama are Abundance, Grace, Goodness. They correspond to the True, the Beautiful, the Good, of Plato's sacred triad, or to *Sat*, *Chit*, *Ananda*, Being, Consciousness, Bliss, of the Vedanta of Shankaracharya. The hidden Logos becomes manifest through the mighty music of the Word, the music of the spheres,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubim,

and this magical music emanates the worlds.

The series of emanations, earlier illustrated by groups of three, is now pictured by a series of five, beginning with the Earth; that is, beginning from below and ascending; then comes the return, the descent from above, once again in a series of five degrees: Earth, Fire, Mid-space, Sun, Aether; Aether, Sun, Mid-space, Fire, Earth. For him the Regions build, both the Powers going upward and the Powers returning, who rightly understands this. This takes the disciple upward from the stage where he must begin his course, the stage of natural life on earth, through the fire of purification to the mid-space of the first inner world, through this to the sun, here, as always, symbolizing the Logos, and thence to the Aether, which represents the Eternal, Parabrahm, the ultimate goal of the eternities. The progression of cosmic emanation is in the reverse direction: from the Eternal, the Logos comes into manifestation, from the Logos comes the manifestation of space, from this again the fire of manifested life, and, finally, the earth, representing completely developed organic life. Here, the progression is given in both directions. Thereafter, the disciple is left to work it out for himself, only one direction being given.

Through the whole runs an inner meaning. Thus, the Waters mean, as always, the cosmic deep, the waters of space. In the Waters he goes not astray, of the Waters he is lord, who rightly understands this. He wins a home in the air, and afterwards in the ether, who knows this.

The same inner meaning is present in the enumeration of the Animals. The word *aja* means "goat"; it is also *a-ja*, "unborn", the symbol of the Logos. The sheep, the celestial flock, are a familiar symbol in the West. The cow has long been a symbol of the Logos in India, as the giver of sustenance. Similarly, the horse symbolizes the power of the Logos, with its swift extension through the worlds of space, as the manifested worlds. *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* opens with the symbol of the sacrificial horse, the Logos sacrificially offered in the manifestation of the worlds.

Then the fivefold symbol is expanded to seven, the names of the successive parts or stages of the Sama chant being used to illustrate it. Once more, the universe is the Divine Song, rising from the first tone, at cosmic dawn, to the loud chant of fully manifested day, and sinking again to the closing tone in the evening twilight of cosmic day.

The symbolism of the Sun as the Logos is then more fully developed. The sevenfold Logos, the sevenfold Host whose united consciousness and powers constitute the consciousness and power of the Logos, are symbolized by the seven stages of the day from morning to evening twilight. And seven classes of manifested lives are in like manner symbolized by animals, men, birds, devas and so on. This is followed by an exercise in arithmetic, based upon the seven stages of emanation, each threefold, with the One, unchanging Being, the whole numbering twenty-two.

The divisions which follow, dealing with a series of forms of Sama chants, had a much richer and deeper significance for the young disciples of those ancient days, than they can have for us, since they were familiar with these magical songs. We may illustrate one of them: the Gāyatrī is the great verse from the Rig Veda, attributed to the Rajput sage Vishvamitra:

> Let us meditate on the excellent radiance
> Of that Divine Sun!
> May He guide our souls forward!

Each division takes a symbol which illustrates a stage of the great cosmic process. Each division speaks of the victorious might of him who, attaining, becomes Master of these cosmic powers.

Then, after a passage which appears to give a clue to the magical correlations of the tones, comes an outline of the life of the disciple, beginning with sacrifice, study, generous self-giving, leading onward through fervour of meditation and will in the "family" of his Master, to the great victory.

The three periods of the day, beginning with early morning, symbolize the three great stages: disciple, adept, Master. Advancing, he invokes each divine Power: "Open thou the door of the realm! Thrust back the bar!" The symbol is universal. To the disciple, it is said: "You must be ready to lift the bar of the Golden Gate." Through the ages, the Master says, "I am the door."

FROM DISCIPLE TO MASTER

Om! Reverence of the Sama in totality (*samasta*) is good, in truth. For what is good, that, in truth, they name Sama (abundance). What is not good, they call not-Sama (lack).

So likewise they say: With Sama (graciousness) he came to him; the meaning is, With good will he came to him. Or they say, With not-Sama he came to him; that is, Without graciousness he came to him.

So likewise they say: Verily, we have Sama (that which is good), if it be good; the meaning is, This is good. Or they say, We have not-Sama, if it be not good; the meaning is, This is not good.

Among the Regions, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:
Earth is the First Tone.
Fire is the Opening Praise.
Mid-space is the Loud Chant.
Sun is the Response.
Aether is the Closing Tone.
Thus among the Powers going upward.
And so among the Powers returning:
Aether is the First Tone.
Sun is the Opening Praise.
Mid-space is the Loud Chant.
Fire is the Response.
Earth is the Closing Tone.
For him the Regions build, both the Powers going upward and the Powers returning, who, thus knowing this, among the Regions reverences the Sama as having five forms.

In the Rain, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:
Rising wind is the First Tone.
Cloud forming is the Opening Praise.
Rain falling is the Loud Chant.
Lightning with Thunder is the Response.
Clearing after Rain is the Closing Tone.
For him comes Rain, he causes Rain, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Rain.

In all Waters, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:
Cloud condensing is the First Tone.
Rain descending is the Opening Praise.
Waters rolling eastward are the Loud Chant.
Waters rolling westward are the Response.
Ocean is the Closing Tone.
In the Waters he goes not astray, of the Waters he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Waters.

In the Seasons of the year, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:
Springtime is the First Tone.
Hot season is the Opening Praise.
Rains are the Loud Chant.
Autumn is the Response.
Winter is the Closing Tone.
For him the Seasons build, of the Seasons he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Seasons.

In Animals, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms:
Goats (*aja*) are the First Tone.
Sheep are the Opening Praise.
Cows are the Loud Chant.
Horses are the Response.
Man is the Closing Tone.
For him Animals are multiplied, of Animals he is lord, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in Animals.

In the Life-powers, let him reverence the Sama as having five forms, most excellent:
Life-breath is the First Tone.
Voice is the Opening Praise.
Seeing is the Loud Chant.
Hearing is the Response.
Mind (*manas*) is the Closing Tone.
Most excellent, verily, are these. His is the most excellent, most excellent worlds he wins, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having five forms in the Life-breaths.

And so concerning seven forms. Let him reverence the Sama as having seven forms in Voice:
Of Voice, whatever is *hum*, is the First Tone (*hin-kāra*).
Whatever is *pra*, is the Opening Praise (*pra-stāva*).
Whatever is *ā*, is the Beginning (*ā-di*).
Whatever is *ud*, is the Loud Chant (*ud-gītha*).
Whatever is *prati*, is the Response (*prati-hāra*).
Whatever is *upa*, is the Diminution (*upa-drava*).
Whatever is *ni*, is the Closing Tone (*ni-dhana*).
For him Voice milks milk, which is the milk of Voice, of food he is lord, an eater of food is he, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama as having seven forms in Voice.

And so, of a truth, let him reverence yonder Sun as the Sama having seven forms. Because it is the same for all, it is the Sama. Toward me, toward me, it shines, they all say; because of this sameness it is the Sama. Let him know that all beings here are correlated with the Sun.

The time before sunrise is the First Tone. Animals are correlated with this, therefore they sound the First Tone; for they are partakers in the First Tone of this Sama.

And so sunrise is the Opening Praise. Men are correlated with this, therefore they are lovers of praise, lovers of laudation; for they are partakers in the Opening Praise of this Sama.

And so the time of the early gathering of kine is the Beginning. The birds of the air are correlated with this, therefore they fly hither and thither bearing themselves upward in mid-air without support; for they are partakers in the Beginning of this Sama.

And so when it is exactly mid-day, this is the Loud Chant. The Bright Powers are correlated with this, therefore they are best of the offspring of the Lord of Beings; for they are partakers in the Loud Chant of this Sama.

And so when it is past mid-day in the early afternoon, this is the Response. Children unborn are correlated with this, therefore they are upborne, they descend not; for they are partakers in the Response of this Sama.

And so when the afternoon is past, before sunset, this is the Diminution. The Forest Lives are correlated with this; therefore, seeing a man, they make themselves small in a hiding-place, a den; for they are partakers in the Diminution of this Sama.

And so when the Sun has just set, this is the Closing Tone. The Fathers are correlated with this, therefore they make offerings to the Fathers; for they are partakers in the Closing Tone of this Sama.

Thus, of a truth, he reverences yonder Sun as the Sama having seven forms.

And so let him reverence the Sama having seven forms, self-measured, passing beyond Death. The First Tone (*hin-kāra*) measures three syllables; the Opening Praise (*pra-stāva*) measures three syllables. This is the same measure.

The Beginning (*ā-di*) measures two syllables; the Response (*prati-hāra*) measures four syllables. Moving one from this to that, makes the same measure.

The Loud Chant (*ud-gītha*) measures three syllables; the Diminution (*upa-drava*) measures four syllables. Three and three are the same, with one syllable remaining. Measuring three syllables, it is the same.

The Closing Tone (*ni-dhana*) measures three syllables; this is the same. These, verily, taken together measure two and twenty syllables.

With one and twenty he gains the Sun, for yonder Sun is one and twentieth from here. Through the two and twentieth he wins the realm beyond the Sun. This is Rest, for this is free from sorrow.

He gains, of a truth, the victory of the Sun, yea, his victory is beyond the victory of the Sun, who, thus knowing this, reverences the Sama having seven forms, self-measured, passing beyond Death,—reverences the Sama.

Mind is the First Tone.
Voice is the Opening Praise.

Seeing is the Loud Chant.
Hearing is the Response.
Life-breath is the Closing Tone.
This is the Sama of the Gāyatrī, woven on the Life-breaths.
He who thus knows this Sama of the Gāyatrī woven on the Life-breaths, is a lord of the Life-breaths, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Great in mind should he be: this is his vow.

He whirls the fire-stick; this is the First Tone.
Smoke is generated; this is the Opening Praise.
Flames arise; this is the Loud Chant.
Red embers are formed; this is the Response.
It sinks to quiescence; this is the Closing Tone.
It reaches complete quiescence; this is the Closing Tone.
This is the Rathantara Sama, woven upon Fire.
He who thus knows this Rathantara Sama woven upon Fire, is a lord of Divine Fire, he is an eater of food, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not sip water and spurt it upon the fire: this is his vow.

Sunrise is the First Tone.
The risen Sun is the Opening Praise.
High noon is the Loud Chant.
Afternoon is the Response.
Sunset is the Closing Tone.
This is the Brihat Sama, woven upon the Sun.
He who thus knows this Brihat Sama woven upon the Sun, is a lord of Radiance, he is an eater of food, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame burning heat: this is his vow.

Vapours float together; this is the First Tone.
The rain cloud is born; this is the Opening Praise.
Rain descends; this is the Loud Chant.
It lightens, it thunders; this is the Response.
The sky clears; this is the Closing Tone.
This is the Vai-rupa Sama woven upon the Rain.
He who thus knows this Vai-rupa (variformed) Sama woven upon the Rain, gathers cattle of various form, of fair form, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame falling rain: this is his vow.

Springtime is the First Tone.
Hot season is the Opening Praise.

Rains are the Loud Chant.
Autumn is the Response.
Winter is the Closing Tone.
This is the Vai-rāja Sama woven upon the Seasons.

He who thus knows this Vai-rāja (radiating) Sama woven upon the Seasons, he radiates through offspring and cattle, through Divine Radiance, he fills his full span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame the Seasons: this is his vow.

Earth is the First Tone.
Mid-space is the Opening Praise.
Aether is the Loud Chant.
Space-directions are the Response.
Ocean is the Closing Tone.

These are the parts of the Shakvari Sama woven upon the world-realms.

He who thus knows these parts of the Shakvari Sama woven upon the world-realms, he is lord of the world-realms, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame the world-realms: this is his vow.

Goats are the First Tone.
Sheep are the Opening Praise.
Cows are the Loud Chant.
Horses are the Response.
Man is the Closing Tone.

These are the parts of the Revati Sama woven upon Animals.

He who thus knows these parts of the Revati Sama woven upon Animals, he is lord of Animals, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Let him not blame Animals: this is his vow.

Hair is the First Tone.
Skin is the Opening Praise.
Muscle is the Loud Chant.
Bone is the Response.
Marrow is the Closing Tone.

This is the Yajnāyajnīya Sama woven upon the parts of the body.

He who thus knows this Yajnāyajnīya Sama woven upon the parts of the body, he is lord of the parts, not through any part does he fall short, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. Through the year he should not eat the marrow: this is his vow. He should not eat the marrow, verily.

Fire is the First Tone.
Wind is the Opening Praise.
Sun is the Loud Chant.

Star-spaces are the Response.
Moon is the Closing Tone.
This is the Rājana Sama woven upon the Divine Potencies.
He who thus knows this Rājana Sama woven upon the Divine Potencies, successively advances to oneness of realm, oneness of power, oneness of being with the Divinities, he fills his span, he lives with power, he is rich in offspring and cattle, great in fame. He should not blame knowers of the Eternal: this is his vow.

The threefold Vedic wisdom is the First Tone.
These three realms are the Opening Praise.
Fire-lord, Wind-lord, Sun, this is the Loud Chant.
Star-spaces, winged birds, sun-rays, this is the Response.
Serpents, seraphs, the Fathers, this is the Closing Tone.
This is the Sama woven upon the All.
He who thus knows this Sama woven upon the All, he is one with the All.
Therefore, there is this verse:
Whatsoever things have five forms, in threes each, than them naught else is greater, higher.
Who knows this, knows the All. All world-spaces carry the offering to him. Let him pay reverence, saying: I am the All: this is his vow. This is his vow.

I choose the loud-toned Sama like the voice of kine. This is the Loud Chant of the Fire-lord. The undefined tone is of the Lord of beings. The defined tone is of the Lunar lord. The soft and smooth tone is of the Wind-lord. The smooth and powerful tone is of Indra. The tone like the curlew's call is of the Great Preceptor. The descending tone is of the Water-lord. Let him make use of all these, yet let him set aside that of the Water-lord.

Let me sing immortality for the Bright Powers (thus let him sing): oblation for the Fathers; fair hope for the sons of man; grass and water for kine; the heavenly world for the Sacrificer; food for myself, let me sing. Meditating these things in his heart, let him sing this praise unperturbed.

All vowels are selves of Indra. All breathings are selves of the Lord of beings. All contacts (consonants) are selves of the Lord of death.

If one reproach him concerning vowels, he should say: I have taken refuge with Indra, Lord of power; he will answer thee!

And so, if one reproach him concerning breathings, he should say: I have taken refuge with the Lord of beings; he will pulverize thee!

And so, if one reproach him concerning contacts, he should say: I have taken refuge with the Lord of death; he will consume thee!

All vowels are to be voiced with full sound, with power, saying: In Indra, Lord of power, let me give power! All breathings are to be voiced distinctly, not suppressed, open, saying: To the Lord of beings let me give myself over! All contacts are to be voiced clearly, unblurred, saying: From the Lord of death let me withdraw myself!

There are three branches of the law of righteousness: Sacrifice, study, giving,—this is the first. Fervour, verily,—this is the second. Service of the Eternal, dwelling in the family of a Master,—this is the third, entering and establishing himself perfectly in the family of a Master. All these lead to holy realms. He who stands firm in the Eternal goes to immortality.

The Lord of beings brooded with fervour upon the realms of life. From them, brooded upon with fervour, the threefold Wisdom emanated. On this Wisdom He brooded with fervour. From it, brooded upon with fervour, these imperishable syllables emanated: Earth, Mid-world, Heaven.

Upon these He brooded with fervour. From them, brooded upon with fervour, the sound Om emanated. Therefore, like as by the leaf-stalk all the leaflets are threaded together, so by the sound Om all Voice is threaded together. The sound Om, verily, is this All. The sound Om, verily, is this All.

Those who possess the Word of the Eternal declare that to the Powers of life belongs the morning sacrifice; to the Powers of force belongs the mid-day sacrifice; to the Sun-powers, the All-powers, belongs the third sacrifice.

Where, then, is the world of the sacrificer? If he know not this, how may he do it? So let him who knows do it.

Before beginning the early morning recitation, let him seat himself behind the household fire, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Powers of life:

Open thou the door of the realm!
Let us behold thee for sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Fire-lord, earth-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! Thrust aside the bar! Having said this, he rises. To him the Powers of life grant the morning libation.

Before beginning the mid-day recitation, let him seat himself behind the altar-fire, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Powers of force.

Open thou the door of the realm!
Let us behold thee for wide sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Wind-lord, mid-world-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! Thrust aside the bar! Having said this, he rises. To him the Powers of force grant the mid-day libation.

Before beginning the third recitation, let him seat himself behind the fire of oblation, facing the North, and intone the Sama to the Sun-powers, the All-powers:

Open thou the door of the realm!
Let us behold thee for sovereignty of the Self!

Thus for the Sun-powers. So for the All-powers:

Open thou the door of the realm!

Let us behold thee for final sovereignty!

So he makes the offering, saying: Obeisance to the Sun-powers, to the All-powers, Heaven-indwelling, realm-indwelling! Discover the realm for me offering sacrifice! This is the realm of the sacrificer! I shall enter! I, the sacrificer, when my span is fulfilled. Adoration! The bar is thrust aside! Having said this, he rises. To him the Sun-powers, the All-powers, grant the third libation.

He, verily, knows the full measure of the sacrifice, who knows thus, who knows thus.

C. J.

It is submission to the will of God which sets all the value upon our sacrifices; which gives merit to our sufferings; which sanctifies our joys; which takes the bitterness out of our afflictions, and the poison out of our prosperity; which stabilizes our irresoluteness; which calms our fears; which upholds our courage; which regulates our hopes; which puts our zeal in safe keeping; which, in a word, insures all our virtues, and makes even our imperfections useful. This it is which inspires good counsel; which is answerable for the success of our undertakings; which makes us masters of circumstances; which sanctifies every condition of life, and which determines every duty.—MASSILLON.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder began the proceedings by saying that some readers of the QUARTERLY appeared to misunderstand the attitude of our contributors when dealing with national and international questions.

"What ought to be our aim?" he asked. "Surely, to reflect, so far as we are able, the attitude of the Masters. I do not see how that can be questioned. Next, what is the attitude of the Masters? Here, the analogy of a father or mother with a number of children may help us. The father, let us hope, is profoundly interested in the development of each one of them. It is his duty to see both the best and the worst in them, and, where these overlap, to foster the growth of the best, and to do everything in his power to discourage the worst. He may have to be severely outspoken at times, and will not hesitate to 'speak out' about one of them in the presence of the others, if by so doing he thinks he can impress the delinquent more deeply. He is just, and distributes praise or reproof as his children deserve. He expects more of the older children than of the younger, and, while he has no favourites, his hopes for some may properly be greater than for others.

"With that picture and feeling clearly in mind, let us see how it works out in the case of the Lodge of Masters *vis-à-vis* to the nations of the world,—their children. One child savagely attacks another. Point number one: Masters are far from being *au-dessus de la mêlée.* Point number two: depending upon the circumstances, as, for instance, the provocation received (if any), they will be more or less angry with the aggressor. Point number three: they will be determined to see justice done, although it may not be possible for them to accomplish this immediately. Point number four: should the offending child prove unrepentant and recalcitrant, it may be necessary to cut him off from the rest of the family until he says he is sorry, and proves it.

"This may help to explain the attitude of the QUARTERLY during and after the Great War.

"But now we come to times of so-called peace, such as the present. One child, say America, is terribly pleased with itself, and the father says so,—right out before the other children (and if the Lodge is compelled to speak through the QUARTERLY, for lack of a better instrument, who should complain?). This does not mean that every citizen of America is pleased with himself: we know too many of its citizens who are painfully self-depreciatory! It means that the spirit of the country, as revealed in its newspapers, in the speeches of its politicians, and in other ways, is one of, 'I am holier, richer, more intelligent than you are.' It is a spirit that needs to be banged, and to be banged hard.

"Point number one under this head: when a father speaks to his children, there is no such thing as 'washing one's dirty linen in public.' There is no

public. It is all 'in the family.' Clearly, from the standpoint of Masters, all nations are members of one family,—even though one or more of them may have become instruments of the Black Lodge.

"Point number two: there is an absolute difference between the criticisms of a man like Lloyd George, writing for the American press, and attributing evil motives to the actions of his own Government—addressing the American mob as a politician, in the hope that the feeling he arouses in America will strengthen his hands in England (that he writes for money may have no bearing on the case)—and the criticisms of those whose opinions appear in the QUARTERLY; for the QUARTERLY is written only for those who are looking for the Truth, regardless of politics and votes; whose minds are open in regard to the existence of the Lodge, even when they do not as yet actively believe in it; who turn to the QUARTERLY in the hope that it will give them further light on the principles of Theosophy, and who thus deliberately place themselves within the range of Lodge influence.

" 'There is no revelation but the ever-continuing.' Just as the Masters gave knowledge to the world—which really means 'to the few'—in the early days of the Society, first in *Isis Unveiled*, then through the pages of *The Theosophist*, *Lucifer*, *The Path* (so long as H. P. B. or W. Q. Judge were connected with them), as well as in many books, such as *The Secret Doctrine*, *Light on the Path*, *The Voice of the Silence*,—so they have continued to share something of their knowledge with 'the few', using the pages of the QUARTERLY, as the organ of The Theosophical Society, for that purpose. They have treated its readers as 'within the family.'

"This does not mean, of course, that the criticisms of nations, which occasionally appear in the 'Screen' or in other articles, are any more inspired by Masters than are contributions dealing with totally different subjects. All we claim for the QUARTERLY is that it stands for the same universal and eternal principles which have inspired The Theosophical Society since its foundation in 1875, and a knowledge of which we owe directly to the Masters and to their disciples, H. P. B. and Judge. Deductions drawn from those principles may be drawn by anyone. Instead of wishing that the present contributors to the QUARTERLY had a monopoly of *that* task, our chief desire in life is that many others would share the responsibility with us. Nor do we ask others to accept our conclusions. For instance: the attitude of a father or mother toward a large family of children, as throwing light upon the attitude of Masters toward the different nations, is an analogy which may or may not be accepted by other students of Theosophy; if not, we should be happier than we can say to publish a better one. The same thing is true of the inferences drawn from that analogy. As further instance: some of us may think that France is the most promising of the Masters' 'children', in spite of her deplorable aberrations; others may put America or England in that position: there is ample room for amicable difference of opinion. I have a friend, a Hollander, a very intelligent and widely travelled man, who manages to think that Holland is the most enlightened among the nations. One

can get along with this sort of thing, because no one, I think, would dare to claim that any nation is perfect.

"Point number three: just as individuals have a higher and a lower nature, with many characteristics and motives that are 'mixed', and the inevitable 'defects of their qualities',—so is it with nations. Further, just as a father may become almost distracted because of the way in which his son is led astray by the defects of his qualities—kind-heartedness perhaps manifesting as a total inability to say 'No' at the right time—so we can imagine the Masters, not as 'distracted', but in a corresponding frame of mind, when they see some nation—one of their children—pursuing a course of action that is inherently foolish, and that is bound to lead that nation and others into trouble. In a certain limited sense, the better the child (the better its general intentions), the more distracted is the father likely to become when he sees that child repeatedly doing the wrong or foolish thing. His attitude toward a bad child is different.

"Point number four: just as we can think of the human personality as made up of hundreds or thousands of elementals, grouped under certain dominant heads, some good, some bad, so is it possible to think of a nation as made up of countless persons divided into groups, all these groups sharing certain basic national tendencies, but differing in vital respects,—one group representing the acquisitive, perhaps the grasping tendencies of that nation; another group the 'sporting' or 'fair play' tendency ('complex', if you prefer that word); yet another, the sense of self-preservation, and so forth. Until the real and inner self has become paramount, the character of the nation, as of the individual, depends upon the established balance between these different groups, and upon which group is most frequently dominant.

"Thus, through the predominance of egotism, Germany became an instrument of the Black Lodge; but this does not mean that all Germans are dominated by egotism, or that all Germans are blind to the condition of their country. Even in the case of an utterly selfish individual, there may be an undercurrent which sees better things, and which regrets the uncontrollable impulses and tendencies of the rest of the nature,—too feeble a minority to do anything about it, but aware, none the less, of its existence. I shall speak of this minority in Germany, later.

"There are detestable things in the French, and exasperating things in the English make-up. (Is any one of us free from tendencies which, at least to ourselves, seem detestable? Do we never exasperate our friends,—those closest and dearest to us?) By way of example: there is an element in France which will condone such a play as 'Napoléon IV', by that unspeakable Maurice Rostand, in which the author suggests that Queen Victoria of England was responsible for the Prince Imperial's death at the hands of the Zulus in 1879,—the truth being, as Paléologue has recently shown, that the old Queen had thought of the Prince as a possible son-in-law, and, as related in the last 'Screen of Time', was kindness and generosity itself to the boy's mother and father. That element in France is thoroughly hateful, as is the political

element typified by Caillaux; but neither of them is *France*, any more than an individual's lower nature is *himself*, unless he permits it to dominate him.

"In the same way there is an element in England which those who love England find peculiarly exasperating, partly because it expresses the defect or perversion of a very fine quality, and partly because of the self-complacent stupidity which it engenders. The quality is a sense of fair play which really amounts to a sense of *noblesse oblige*,—as rare among nations as it is among men. The perversion of this quality is shown in the attitude of a great many English people toward Germany since the war: it is 'grown-up' and superior to be 'just', and justice, in this case, means that you should always be ready with a good word for the 'defeated' party, and equally ready to criticize your late Allies, especially France. There are boys who, having done something rather splendid, react from it by adopting an attitude of 'calm detachment' from themselves and their own performance. Somewhat mortified by their moments of self-forgetfulness—by their enthusiasm and sacrifice—they will go so far as to impugn their own motives rather than have it supposed that they are what they had seemed to be. There are men whose ideals carry them no further than being kind and gentle, and who, if 'held up' by a highwayman, would find it more congenial to invent excuses for his behaviour than to defend the women in their care. Having done violence to their inclination, they seize the first opportunity to shake hands, very gently, with the man they have knocked down. They are being what they call 'just', but what some of us call, idiotic. Further, they are encouraging the highwayman to renew his assault and to finish his job more effectively next time. Always judging others by themselves, they are convinced that highwaymen long for peace—for a quiet home in the country, among lambs and chickens—and are grieved if you fail to accept their view.

"There is a baser element, of course—the tradesman element—which combines readily with the well-intentioned (and we know how the road to Hell is paved). The tradesman element is governed solely by a short-sighted sense of expediency: to trade with Russia and with Germany will be profitable in the present; let the future take care of itself. This element would consider it necessary to pay its bills, in order to maintain its credit; but its appreciation of right and wrong is primitive, to say the least.

"So, in England, you find a combination of different elements, all inclined to shut their eyes to facts and probabilities whenever these are uncomfortable, —a Christian Science attitude such as existed before the war; a general desire to be friends with everybody and not to 'take sides'. The theory seems to be that nations are neither good nor bad (that evil is an old-fashioned illusion), and that if 'Peace, Peace' be uttered often enough, Peace will endure for ever. It is the popular tune to sing. Consequently, the majority of politicians—Conservative, Liberal, and Labour alike—are now singing it, some, because they helped to compose it.

" 'There is no religion higher than Truth' is *not* their motto. If it were, I believe they would know the truth, for those who seek, find; and the truth

is that the White Lodge and the Black are at war perpetually, with the souls of men and the souls of nations 'in jeopardy every hour'. Stupidity arising from blindness, which in its turn arises always from some moral defect, such as self-satisfaction or laziness,—stupidity can be used by the Black Lodge as a means to its evil ends, and when a nation behaves stupidly, those who love the White Lodge and who strive to serve its purposes, feel as if they wanted to catch that nation by the scruff of its neck and shake it, not because they are 'down on it', but because their exasperation is a distant echo of that which must be the paternal feeling of the Lodge.

"Take one other instance: do you know of anything more foolish at the present time, internationally, than the way in which England kow-tows to America? English statesmen, so-called, announce almost daily that their chief aim in life is to please and to co-operate with this country. By so doing, they invite snubs,—and who can blame Washington for administering them freely? Such servility is not the attitude that creates respect here; so that England defeats her own ends and constantly weakens the bond that ought to unite the two countries,—a bond which, in the opinion of some of us, the Masters would wish to see strengthened. If England were to forget America, and were to proceed with its own affairs on a common-sense basis, this country would soon be asking for notice. Ambassadors, living in Washington and thrown chiefly with 'statesmen' and politicians, are the worst possible judges of American public opinion. . . . But have I made our attitude clear?"

"Not altogether, I think," the Philosopher suggested. "It will seem to some people that you have put internationalism in the place of patriotism,—which is not in the least what you mean, but which would be inferred by those whose idea of patriotism is, 'My country, right or wrong.' The question of course is: What is true patriotism? The answer, as usual, is to be found in the example of Masters. No one can question the tragic devotion of the Master Christ to the country of his birth—Palestine. 'And when he was come near, he beheld the city (Jerusalem), and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' Yet no Jew ever lived who understood his people as he did, or who condemned the largest section of them so outspokenly: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' He certainly did not identify himself with the Scribes and Pharisees! The Master K. H., in *The Occult World*, reveals the same attitude, and is equally outspoken about the land of his birth. In other words, the patriotism which is not keenly alive to national defects, and fearless in condemnation of them—which is not working consciously to change evil into good, and good into better—is just as foolish and untheosophical as the so-called love of a mother, whose children, because hers, are perfect."

"What were you going to say about enlightenment in Germany?" the Student now asked the Recorder.

"One of our German members was good enough to send me several copies of a weekly newspaper called *Die Menschheit*, published at Wiesbaden, the motto

of which is: 'For the Peace of Nations and the Progress of Nations through Self-knowledge.' The sender marked an article which shows the existence of a minority in Germany whose opinion of their country is very similar to our own. It is a pleasure, therefore, to quote it in rough translation, and to express satisfaction that this minority (representing the remaining conscience of Germany) still exists, for, no matter how feeble, the least remnant of conscience is better than none. The analogy with an individual is exact.

"The writer of the article in question says: '*Die Menschheit*, in one of its recent issues, reported the conflict in Louvain between the Rector of the University (who caused the Latin inscription on the new Library: "Destroyed by German war fury, restored by American aid", to be removed, in deference to future German guests of the University, and in the interest of European reconciliation) and the American architect Whitney Warren, who wished, with the help of the students, to have this inscription replaced. Public opinion in Belgium has been strongly aroused over this conflict, and passionately discusses the questions of principle involved.

" 'In the true interest of Germany, we should be unconditionally in favour of retaining the original inscription, with its reference to "Furor teutonicus", and we agree with the Belgian newspaper which wrote of the Rector of the University's reference to "charity": "True brotherly love requires precisely that I should not spare my brother the duty of bending before the inexorable might of Justice and Truth." In our opinion, it is far from a real service to our people, whose political consciousness is still in a very undeveloped and unenlightened condition, to build the reconciliation of the nations on mere forgetfulness; to spare the German public the honest explanation of what happened, and the actual judgment of foreign nations regarding the past. Ours is fundamentally a very unchristian people. "Guilt" is after all not something which has to do with our fellow-men only, and which therefore can simply be cancelled like a financial account at one's pleasure; no, every guilt is before all a challenge of the invisible Powers, who are not satisfied until the crime has been retracted, recalled and repaired. Had what was perpetrated by Germany against Belgium been condemned and regretted, even by an *élite* of the German people, in such a way that a genuine consciousness of guilt had been made manifest,—then everything would be different. Instead of this, Belgium has once more been accused by an official German Commission. Such conduct causes shame, and should not be encouraged by harmful illusions of reconciliation. Pestalozzi justly said that he who too easily excuses the guilt of a stranger, is in reality preparing to treat his own faults lightly. How much "modernism" is involved in what purports to be Christian readiness to be reconciled, when, in truth, through mere feebleness, every forceful moral support of the better life in other men is betrayed! But Christ is not softness: he is the Judge of the world, the awakener of the dead, the cleanser of the temple. We decline to accept that imitation Christianity without any bone-forming substance, which pardons and forgives when there has been no repentance or restitution; which opens

all doors to obdurate insolence, and which lacks the courage to refuse recognition. This appears to us to be the worst form of unfriendliness to Germany, which will finally ruin our nation, and give its most undesirable constituents the confidence that one may permit oneself the wildest barbarity in the house of a stranger, and yet, after a time, without any word of excuse or sorrow, may visit it again, and that no further allusion to the barbarity committed will be allowed. So, then: We should wish, for the enlightenment of German youth visiting Louvain, knowing nothing beyond the official lying fable—that unfortunate German soldiers had to protect themselves against Belgian attack —we should wish that the words might remain,—*Furore teutonico diruta, Dono americano restituta.*' "

"Most satisfactory!" the Philosopher exclaimed. "Is it a signed article? It is! Well, that is what I call real patriotism, because Germans who say such things in Germany are ostracized, when not actively persecuted, by the immense majority of their fellow-countrymen."

"Speaking of patriotism", began the Student, "there has been a Presidential Election, and ———"

"No politics in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY," the Recorder interrupted severely.

"I was not going to talk about politics, but about politicians", protested the Student.

"Worse and worse!"

But the Student would not be discouraged. "Now really," he said, "I could not be hired to talk politics. What is more, I shouldn't know how. But the principles, or lack of principles, underlying politics, are just as much the concern of a student of Theosophy, as the principles underlying war and peace, or any other department of human behaviour. Don't you agree?"

We agreed.

"I have been reading a life of *Kitchener: Soldier and Statesman*, by S. Stuart Starritt, published very cheaply, though well, by The Religious Tract Society. It is an appreciative account of a man who was not a politician. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a gentleman. The ways and motives of politicians were as foreign to him as the ways of earth-worms or bats. He was, in my opinion, the only great man of the World War."

This was certainly a challenge. Someone suggested Foch. "No", said the Student; "Foch is a great soldier—a real man—and a man of honour; but he still tries to justify the Armistice, accepting full responsibility for it, while washing his hands of the Peace which followed. Foch knew that the terms of peace would be settled by the politicians, and as he had suffered terribly at their hands all through the war, he should have foreseen what happened later at Versailles. It was inexcusable not to realize that his Armistice was premature, and that the German armies should never have been allowed to return to Germany, armed, and with flags flying. Incidentally, all honour to General Bliss, representing the United States, who urged that the Germans should be totally disarmed,—the opinion of Sir Henry Wilson also.

"Kitchener alone among the Allied Generals insisted from the first that the war would last for several years, and based all his plans accordingly. It was this, and his refusal to send every available soldier to France during the early months of the war—declaring that he must keep some in England to train his armies of the future—that did as much as anything to undermine his influence. Sir John French, Sir Henry Wilson, Joffre, Foch,—all of them vociferated that the war *must* be over within a few months, and that it was little short of criminal to refuse them the men they so badly needed."

Said the Engineer: "I thought it was Kitchener's failure to produce sufficient shells that turned the British Cabinet against him."

"That was the pretext of his detractors", the Student replied; "but the facts are that shortly after Lloyd George was put in charge of munitions, replacing Kitchener, shells began to pour in—everyone of them the fruit of Kitchener's initiative and preparation, although naturally, being what he was and is, Lloyd George took to himself the credit that belonged to the man who was not a politician and who 'did not advertize'. Nearly a year after the Ministry of Munitions had been formed, the manager of Kynochs assured Commander Bellairs, who repeated this in the House of Commons, that his company had not turned out a single article as yet to the order of the Ministry of Munitions, and that everything was still being done on the basis of earlier orders from Kitchener.

"Kitchener was a mystic,—a very practical mystic: that is why he is of special interest to us. The politicians could not understand him, and sensed his complete distrust of them. They were afraid of him at first, but, like wolves, little by little they gathered courage, pushed to it by *vox populi* in the person of Northcliffe, until, in June, 1916, when he left England on the 'Hampshire' for Russia, he was practically *dégommé́d*, to use the slang of that period. They are a crew!

"Many years ago, H. P. B. told a young member of the T. S. that if he carried out his intention of becoming a lawyer—a barrister—it would ruin him theosophically. Preferring his own opinion to hers, he studied law, became a member of the Bar, and in due course completely justified her warning. He is still alive, but of course has a very poor opinion of her! The law does not necessarily ruin all men, but its study and practice are likely to accentuate certain tendencies—such as hair-splitting and disingenuousness—if these exist already. Politics, as a career, is more debasing than any other known to me, and with every year that passes it seems to sink lower in the scale. King Edward VII certainly had had a long and intimate acquaintance with politicians, and what his opinion of them was, not long before his death, may be gathered from an incident related by General Smith-Dorrien in his *Memories*. He was at Biarritz, where the King was staying. 'One day His Majesty, on meeting me, asked in his deep voice if I had heard that a certain Captain in the Army was leaving it to become an M. P., and added: "Fancy a man leaving the Army to become a politician; a nice profession that, nowadays." '

"One need only think of what men have to do in order to succeed: first, curry favour with certain political leaders so as to obtain a nomination; second, appeal to the mob to vote for you. Think of it in terms of The Theosophical Society, which we must imagine, however, to be divided into two camps, with a number of uncertain votes to be won by this party or the other; and which, by a further stretch of the imagination, we must suppose to be served by officers on a salary basis, instead of without pay of any sort, either direct or indirect,—this being, of course, the way in which The Theosophical Society is officered, none of its members receiving the smallest compensation for their services. So then: at a preliminary caucus, I have been nominated for the office, let us say of Treasurer, with salary, 'appointments', and other 'advantages'. Before the next Convention, at which the election of officers takes place, it will be necessary to visit all the Branches, and even the unattached members, to solicit their votes. Try to conceal it as I may, what I shall really be saying will be: 'Fellow members, please observe what a superior person I am. The other man who is running for this office is quite obviously my inferior. Think of all I have done for the Society, and how little he has done. I rely upon my looks to persuade you to vote for me!' 'Perish rather The Theosophical Society,' before we come to that; and yet that is the accepted procedure in national politics. Worse,—for if a candidate for office be married, he must drag his wife around with him, and exhibit her on platforms, in order to convince the public that she is 'presentable' and will not disgrace the White House or the Executive Mansion in Little Rock or Topeka. If he visits Chinatown it will be to solicit votes, which means that he must kiss Chinese babies and pretend that his lack of a queue is one of the deeper sorrows of his hard and service-loving life. He must be photographed splitting logs in his own backyard, with the legend attached, 'This is how he spends his Saturday afternoons', and, in order to appeal to another type of voter, he must be photographed in 'plus fours' on the links, swinging a golf club, smiling expansively, with the legend, 'Our candidate takes a day off.'

"Now I protest that even if a man can begin that sort of thing with self-respect (and I don't see how he can), it is bound to turn him into a mountebank at the end of a week or two. Therefore when people say that politics is in the hands of low class men because better class men selfishly keep out of it, my answer is that a better class man necessarily becomes low class as soon as he touches it,—and that the fault lies with the system, and with the whole theory of government upon which that system is based."

"Well, what is the remedy?" asked the Historian cheerfully.

"You imply", answered the Student, "that if there be no remedy, nothing is gained by complaining of the condition; but there I should not agree with you. If a man were a leper and did not know it, I should say that the first step would be to start him looking for a cure, and that this could be done helpfully, even if his informant had no panacea to offer him. So long as a sick man thinks he is in blooming health, he is likely to go from bad to worse. The world to-day is delighted with its achievement of democracy. The first

thing to do is to convince it that it is seeing things upside down—in the astral light or thereabouts. This may take several hundred years. I do not know. But clearly it is for students of Theosophy, who recognize the ultimate objective, to *begin* the process of disillusionment, a step at a time. There is no fear, I imagine, that we shall precipitate a revolution! I do not find that the world is unduly concerned about our opinions. Yet we are not wasting our breath if, as a result of the vision that has been given to us, we keep alive, *among the few*, the light which the Ancient Wisdom, Theosophy, throws on this and similar subjects. A very little leaven finally leavens the whole lump. That is our mission: to leaven the lump."

"But what is the ultimate objective?" asked the Recorder, to draw him out.

"What is, or should be, the objective of an individual? One way of expressing it would be,—to put wisdom in the place of folly. The hydra-headed monster within him, instead of governing, should be governed by his own Higher Self. In exactly the same way, there will be no peace in the world—no true prosperity, if you prefer that word—until nations are governed by their own Higher Self. Ultimately, this means by a Master or his delegate; but long, long before that happy stage is reached, the nations must learn, first, that they do not know how to govern themselves, second, that Masters exist and are the best of all governors. What the intermediate steps will be, I have no idea, but, speaking for myself, I should rather be governed by a man like Kitchener, who was neither a sentimentalist nor a theorist, than by a Congress or a Parliament. The difficulty would lie in finding the man like Kitchener, and then in persuading him to accept such a thankless task. Almost inevitably the people would tear him to pieces after a few months or years, and if he were fit for the position, he would foresee his end from the first."

"Are you the new Avatar?" asked our New Visitor suddenly (she was both young and 'modern': an Accident, an awful Accident).

Most of us jumped. But the question had been addressed to the Student, who steadied himself, and then rose to the occasion rather well I thought.

"No," he said; "we are not running an Avatar just at present."

"Oh!" said our New Visitor. "I like the way you talk; and then you are thin—an Avatar must be thin; so I thought—you know what I mean—rather jolly to be an Avatar, don't you think?"

"I'm not sure", the Student replied, warming up. "For the moment I've forgotten the experience. It may come back to me if you'll give me time. It's very worrying for other people though. You never know what an Avatar will be up to next. We do not grudge Mrs. Besant her monopoly of Avatars, perhaps for that reason. In fact we are rather sorry for her, in a mild kind of way,—a satisfactorily remote kind of way, if you know what I mean. She has one called Krishnamurti, and a World Mother too, and lots of Adepts and things: such a responsibility, for a woman too!"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind it in the least", she said. "It would be great fun, I should think."

"No", the Student insisted earnestly: "a great worry, I assure you. You may have to provide for them in the first place, and then some of them may develop ideas, and ideas are always a worry. Whatever you do, never trifle with ideas; they're dangerous."

"But I'm full of ideas!" she protested, clasping her hands delightedly.

"Well, well", he said; "and you're never anxious about them?"

For a moment she looked puzzled. Then she said: "Not *very;* though there are moments, of course, when one is not busy. . . . ."

The Student took a card from his pocket. "I received this some weeks ago from a friend who was then in England. It is headed: 'Overheard in an Orchard', and there is a picture at the bottom, of a robin, sitting on a twig of holly, talking to a sparrow. These are the words:

" 'Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

" 'Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me." ' "

"Oh yes", she said eagerly; "that explains it; that's why I don't worry; thank you so much."

"Not at all", he replied; "but I really like those verses, and decided as soon as I read them that I would drag them into the 'Screen' somehow; so I am your debtor, you see, for having given me my opportunity. I did not introduce them as a joke."

"As a joke?" she questioned.

"I never joke", he said solemnly.

Some of us felt that the atmosphere was becoming a shade too rarefied, and were relieved when the Engineer, rather hesitatingly, asked if he might speak. Assured that his contribution would be welcome, he said: "A few days ago I had an imaginary conversation with a Master,—with my Master, as I like to think of him. It occurs to me that the fruit of it may be of use to others who stand, as I do, at the very beginning of the Way. I was dressing, and was feeling grateful for things that had happened the day before. I caught myself saying very clearly in my mind: 'Oh my Lord, I do love thee,—deaf, dumb and blind as I am, I do love thee. . . . . Well, you have something better to do than to listen to that sort of talk; and what could you say anyhow, even if I could hear you!' Came a mental reply: 'Why don't you listen and find out? I might have something to say after all!' To which I replied, almost aloud: 'Listen! But I can't hear; you know I can't hear!' Again came a mental reply: 'Of course you can't hear; you don't try to hear.' Then, though the words, if there were any words, escaped me, I had a clear

mental picture of a man who could not distinguish between fine shades of colour, and who said so; and of a man who knew the difference between a pigeon and a robin, but who was quite unable to recognize the difference between the dozen different kinds of warblers which he had been told were to be encountered in his garden; and I realized at once that either of these men could easily cultivate the art merely by doing the thing he could not do, —that is to say, by making himself notice differences, until he became able to give the differences their correct names. And I saw that exactly the same principle applied to my inability to 'hear', and that all I need do is habitually to examine the quality, so to speak, of my thoughts, so as to distinguish, at first roughly, between those that 'come down from above', and those that reach me from below, following this with a more careful and particular discrimination, until I am able to distinguish the voice or 'quality' of X. or Y. or Z., in what, so far, had merely been a 'voice from above',—a voice from some wiser section of my own inner consciousness. An infant must go through exactly the same process as it learns to recognize the difference between its nurse's voice, and its mother's, its father's, and so forth."

"Whose voice was it that told you to listen?" our New Visitor asked.

The Engineer laughed. "How should I know? Judging it by its fruits, it cannot have been a bad one. Sometimes I think that one of our barriers lies in adopting the attitude, quite unconsciously, that unless it be the voice of a Master, it is not worth listening to. Surely, if a Master galvanizes our own inner self, so as to enable it to reach the personal consciousness, the result is sufficiently satisfactory. If a great King should desire to make me a present, and were to send his servant or representative to convey it to me, should I be in a position to say, 'The King himself must bring it'? Truth is truth, no matter what its source, and it seems to me that our first effort should be to determine whether an idea be true or not, rather than to decide whether it comes from a Master, or one of his chêlas, or from our 'Guardian Angel', or from some higher level of our own consciousness."

"Thank you", said the Philosopher. "I know that all of us must be feeling grateful to you, as I am, for having broken through your shyness. As Judge said, 'the soul is shy'. And the subject you have touched on is of great importance. Quite recently my attention was called—though not for the first time—to what has come to be known, in the Episcopal Church, as 'Buchmanism'. It is a movement which lays great stress on the need for complete self-surrender to the will of God, and then on the inspiration of the Holy Spirit as daily and hourly guide in all the affairs of life, both inner and outer. At first sight, it is the sort of teaching that necessarily arouses sympathy in a student of Theosophy, and although further consideration will force him to see its dangers, his sympathy will not be lessened. We know too well that every spiritual truth is a two-edged sword; that most people grasp it by the blade instead of by the handle, and that even when they grasp it by the handle, they usually manage to cut themselves for lack of practice in its use.

"'Buchmanism' is nothing new. It is as old as the everlasting hills. To depend chiefly upon the 'inner light' was the basis upon which the Society of Friends (Quakerism) was founded. There have been many similar movements in the Roman Catholic Church,—that of Molinos, to mention only one of them. Fundamentally, Lao-tsze taught the same doctrine. Its danger lies in the tendency of the untrained—of the uninitiated, to speak more accurately—to confuse the voice of God with the voice of their own desire. Right discrimination can come only as the result of years of self-study and discipline under the direction of an expert. Take the Engineer's analogy,—that of learning to distinguish between different kinds of birds. It is not easy to do this without a teacher. It is notorious that the neophyte, no matter how conscientious, is easily mistaken: no ornithologist would dream of accepting his 'say so'. In the same way, imagine a lot of College boys, suddenly convinced that they could hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, and undertaking to guide their own lives accordingly! Inevitably they would blunder, perhaps terribly.

"Theosophy makes it clear that to follow inner guidance is both a science and an art, and that—as in any science or art—thorough acquaintance with past achievements and failures is essential to success. Respect for experience, and for the experience of the entire human race, is the foundation upon which Theosophy would build the advances of to-day and to-morrow,—always checking the 'inspiration' of the present moment in the light of the past. In that sense, Theosophy is most conservative, while always striving to deepen and broaden the understanding of its followers by encouraging them to be fearless in interpretation, and ardent in their search for inner illumination,—insisting, above all things, that no one can hope to hear the Voice of the Silence—which is the voice of Masters—correctly, until he has learned to recognize, and utterly to disregard, the voice of his own self-will.

"That 'Buchmanism' has been condemned by many on grounds entirely false, goes without saying. The *Churchman*, for instance, attacks it on the ground that 'the Christian ideal of life in its larger social aspects as it faces the inequalities and injustices of human relationships is given no consideration except such as the most elementary goodwill may promise'; but the *Churchman* is significant only because it is so curiously heathen in its outlook: a square meal for everyone, at the same table and, if possible, out of the same dish, appears to be the height of its ideal. True, it would wish Christ to bless the meal; but why, it has never explained.

"My own criticism of this new-old movement would be that it tends to cheapen the spiritual life, and the life of discipleship, by making it appear far easier than actually it is. On the other hand, I believe it contains more of genuine religion than most of its critics have ever dreamed of in their philosophy, and I hope it will grow and prosper. The world is not ready for Theosophy. Meanwhile 'Buchmanism' could do much for the world if the world would let it."

"Would its benefits outweigh its dangers?" the Historian questioned.

"I think so", the Philosopher answered. "It is certainly far less 'dangerous' than the materialism of the *Churchman*. Mr. Griscom's 'Letters to Students' throw valuable light on the whole subject, for they constantly deal with the principles involved. As you know, he was a birth-right Quaker when he joined The Theosophical Society. It is difficult to imagine that, before this issue of the QUARTERLY appears (the magazine he founded), we shall have commemorated the tenth anniversary of his death; and yet,—what an eternity it seems! The last of his letters will appear in this issue, and how we shall miss them. They have been of immense help to hundreds of our readers. What a friend he was,—the most loyal of friends; and certainly not less so now, though his physical absence leaves an irreplaceable gap in our ranks."

Someone—he shall be nameless—who has been a member of the Society for many years, now remarked that he had read Mr. Griscom's letters with the greatest pleasure, in spite of the fact that they dealt chiefly with the subject of Chêlaship, while he, the speaker, was 'too old' for that, and could not hope to do more in this incarnation than pave the way for success in a future life.

"That is nonsense and disastrous nonsense", the Ancient expostulated. "What you call 'age', as if it were an excuse or an alibi, is no more than a life-long accumulation of small self-indulgences. You are like a man the cellar of whose house is packed with rubbish—the accumulation of a lifetime—old letters and broken furniture and empty bottles and worn-out clothes—and who says he is too old to have them thrown out and destroyed. His children or his executors or somebody, will have to do it when he has 'passed on'. Yet he is quite strong enough to go to a concert, or to Europe if he feels like it; he can, in fact, do anything he really wants to do. Further, in your case, it is not your children who will ever be able to get rid of your accumulation for you. In your next life, you will be born with that same dead weight on top of you, and with the likelihood that you will add to it terribly during the inevitable years before you become aware, *as you now are*, that Chêlaship is the goal of existence."

"That is all very well", grumbled our friend, "but if, as you say, my real trouble is 'a life-long accumulation of small self-indulgences'; if, as you suggest, I am weighted down with that,—is not the result the same, namely, practical immobility?"

"Not unless you insist upon it", the Ancient retorted; "for there is that within you which is *not* weighted down, and which remains untouched and untrammelled by the nightmare of the personality. Your cellar, as I suggested, is full of rubbish; but you need no longer eat and sleep in it, as you have been doing. There is a ladder to upper floors. You can climb that ladder to a place of light and freedom, purity and peace. It is within you,—a level of your consciousness which it is easier, in some ways, to reach when you are old than when you are young. Reach it; recognize it as your true self; continually identify yourself with it; study both worlds through its eyes (as it were). Even one step up that ladder will give you vision and

strength enough to hurl some of the litter from your cellar. Try it and see!"

A spoiled child; an indulged and self-indulgent child! That was evident; but if he could have heard, as some of us heard, the undercurrent of passionate regret in the Ancient's voice—for wasted gifts, for lost opportunities—and the fear of what lay ahead, not in this life, but in the next—I think he would have realized that, behind and beyond the Ancient, 'the ever-lasting arms' were wide outstretched to welcome his smallest efforts.

"There are people everywhere", concluded the Ancient, "who say that they long to know; that they have tried to find their Master, but have failed,—and, they add, what is the use? My answer is that they have not tried and that they do not long to know; for if a man longs, really longs, to solve some problem, or to find some hidden treasure, or to discover some unknown country, or to acquire the mastery of some art, he will live his life accordingly: he will study, labour, prepare himself, with his objective ever in view. He will not 'give up' other aims; other aims will disappear for utter lack of attractiveness. And how many, seeking in that spirit, have failed to find! I say,—none. It may seem dogmatic, but I speak from observation and experience, not from theory; and my observation is that a man finds what he seeks, and if he seeks Christ or any other Master, he cannot fail to find him. But he must seek,—not just for half an hour or an hour a day, forgetting his search during other hours; he must seek with a hungry, passionate, devoted heart; he must seek with intelligence, imagination, determination. He is asking for the utmost that life has to give,—for more than wealth, more than worldly honour: he asks to look Heaven in the eyes. . . . ." Then, after a pause, he added: "Oh Light of the World, Light of the World, thou art so near, so still, so kind, so wonderful,—nearer always to the humble than to the wise,—we who have failed thee in a thousand ways can only plead: call swiftly, strongly, surely, that souls may arise to fight thy battles and to fill the world with thy praise. Open their ears that they may hear; lift the veils from their eyes that they may see. We, who have not earned this or any gift from thee, yet know thee as the boundless giver. In that is our hope,—that a new love may be born, a new fire be lit, a new light may shine, to carry onward and for ever the tidings of thy kingdom and thy peace."

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

January 21st, 1914.

DEAR———

Thank you very sincerely for your note. Such things constitute a large part of the joy of discipleship, and encourage us to continue doing what we can to help others.

But indeed you must not apologize to me for any shortcomings you may have, or may think you have. You have not caused me pain or trouble. Our intercourse with all the younger members is nearly always a pleasure and a happiness that they do so well. We must regret their mistakes, but these are natural and therefore to be expected, and only make us the more eager to aid. Your honesty and devotion and effort are a very real joy, the more as we know what it means to the Master whom we all seek to serve. What if you are not perfect in all particulars? That is asking far too much and cannot be expected.

I am very glad that the last meeting had the effect of rousing your will and your desire to a still greater endeavour,—you cannot have too much of these, —and of course I shall be delighted to help you in any way I can.

As for courage, you do not lack it. Your instincts are true and hold you back in the matter of criticism. You would welcome, and I believe do welcome such criticism as you can digest at the present time. More than this would not do good. True, you must wish to increase your capacity, since that is the path of growth. You will be wise to keep this very steadily in mind and you can do much to further it by developing impersonality, especially as regards yourself. But you must not fret or grow impatient; these, too, are barriers. Patient, unfaltering effort is what tells.

I hope that the strenuous time with ——— has eased up. These tussles bear much more hardly on you than they should. There is nothing more natural in the world than a naughty child which needs a spanking. It is not a tragedy, but a heaven-sent opportunity to teach the child something it needs to learn and was sent to you to be taught. In a way you should *welcome* the opportunity, no matter how much you may deplore the necessity.

* * * * * * *

Your fatigue may be due in part to the misdirected use of physical, psychic and mental energy, and you should never forget the axiom:—"The unnecessary is the immoral." Force expended in productive directions does not exhaust, but always yields a harvest of renewed strength and inspiration.

We all make mistakes: it is the way we learn; and so long as we pick ourselves up without discouragement and go on, we have gained a valuable lesson and the final result is good. We shall continue to make mistakes, until we are perfect, and that is a long way off. Let us then have the humility to

recognize that we are not perfect, that mistakes are inevitable, and then work out what the ideal attitude of mind should be when we do wrong.

* * * * * * *

With kind regards and best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 27th, 1914.

DEAR———

You are much in my mind these days of trial and stress,—I am so very sorry that you should have had the burden of ———'s pain and illness on top of the rest of your load. I wish there was something I could do to help.

One thing: about your getting plenty of sleep and rest. I think you may misunderstand your duty in these matters. The Master will not force them upon you. He cannot do that. It is your duty to seek them, and as much of them as you ought to have. It is just as much your duty to rest as to pray. You must make opportunity for both, so far as you possibly can.

These times of trouble all have their meaning and their purpose: they are not accidents. It is often hard—sometimes impossible to discover this meaning and this purpose, but that does not matter. Then we must have faith. Some day we shall understand. . . . .

Do the best you can and nothing more will be expected of you. I mean exactly what I say—Do the best *you* can. Not what you think you ought to be able to do if you were stronger, or had more time or more knowledge, or less demands upon you, or anything else that makes things different from what they are.

You have your work, your duty, laid out for you by circumstances, so that there is no doubt what you ought to do all the time. You are fortunate that it is so, for the way is not so clear for most of us. Follow this path and all will be well.

I have not bothered you with letters or comments, because I do not feel that you need them just now. Your path is very plain. Yes, there are certain things you must try always to remember,—platitudes if you like, but deep spiritual laws none the less.

1. Remember that you can find the Master in your home, in your daily routine with children and house, not only as well as if you spent your time working at ———, but better, for your *métier*, your easiest path, is obviously at home, or your circumstances would be different.

2. Remember always that it is what we *are* that counts; not what we do. Holiness is acquired by struggle and effort—doing small things heroically well, not by doing heroic things. Anyone, almost, can make occasional sacrifices —can work themselves up to a point of great self-sacrifice—even to the loss

of life; but only the saints can do perfectly the small duties of everyday—day after day and year after year. It is thus that Heaven is gained.

3. It is your motive in doing your daily tasks that turns them from mechanical drudgery into life-giving, spiritual forces. If you are puzzled between two courses of action, it is some comfort to realize that so far as others are concerned it probably matters little what you do, if your decision is based on proper motives. The powers of life can use either course of action for the benefit of others, if you put vitality into it by your motive: and the amount of power in it will be in proportion to the purity of your motive.

4. We ought to try to make these decisions, these daily, hourly efforts at self-conquest and self-repression, yield a harvest of joy, yield inspiration and a strength that will enable us to carry on the fight still more aggressively. We are too prone to lose the benefit of our self-denial and the value of the discipline life imposes on us. We must meet it and digest it—these experiences —in order to get the full benefit from it.

Do not think too much about "dead" spots. We all have them, and we all live through them; learn by degrees to pump life and vitality into them. Think of your lower nature as a child you are bringing up. It hates to go to school: it hates the discipline and restraint which school imposes: yet you persist, because you know that teaching it to read will open a whole new wonderful world, which will many thousand times repay the trial and pain of learning. It is so with the spiritual life.

With best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Xmas Day, 1914.

DEAR———

I asked ——— to take you my Xmas greetings, but I want to supplement them with some direct expression of my interest and affection. You are doing well,—some things very well. Do not allow that old cloud of doubt and distrust to rise between yourself and your real happiness. The Master can only give us our heart's desire on terms and conditions that will make it permanent. Help him. Do not hinder him. Help him by surrendering everything to him with the complete trust of a little child. Others may fail you, may not understand, but he always will. I do not think it necessary for you to talk to me about these things. Even if I do not know details, they are not necessary so long as I express the laws that govern.

* * * * * * *

With best wishes for a happy New Year, for the complete realization of your real desires,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

New Year's Day, 1915.

DEAR———

I do not want the day to pass without my having the pleasure of wishing you all good things during this coming year.

The past year has been a busy and trying one, and therefore should have been full of useful lessons and productive of much fruit. I trust very sincerely that its results will enable you to live 1915 in a still better and higher manner. We *must* go forward. This is the only way: all others mean pain and useless waste of time.

I hope 1915 will find you appreciably further on the road to the Master.

* * * * * * *

I have nothing new to say to you. We are trying to learn the Science of Life. A man spends four years at a great university learning the elements of one of the secular sciences, and then spends the rest of his life trying to master more and more of it. We must have patience, therefore, in our task: it is a huge one. Our duties, our daily work, are our school-time, through which we learn our lessons; and we learn them well or ill, according to our disposition. It is all in our own hands. We all know what we ought to do. It is a question of doing it. You are no exception.

I do not think that either of the faults you enumerate is a besetting sin. Look rather to forms of self-will, to a quiet, but none the less very definite, determination to have your own way. You are a very obstinate little person when it comes to having things as you want them. Work out something definite to do about this.

With best wishes,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 22nd, 1915.

DEAR———

* * * * * * *

It seems to me that your resolution to stop and fold your hands at the hours is an admirable one and I recommend that you keep it up. Any physical practice of that kind, no matter how trivial, done with "intention", makes one positive, and helps the will. Only we must strive to be faithful. So far as rest is concerned, please do not get confused about it. You are correct in saying that in one sense you—we all—have no "right" to rest, but that does not mean that we must not rest. It may be, and often is, our duty to rest, and the fact that we want to do it does not alter this. Treat your body as you would a valuable and favourite horse. Feed it proper food, give it proper exercise, and do not overwork it. At times you may have to drive and whip and spur to carry past some emergency, but the daily routine ought to be well

within its normal capacity. Rest is essential to the proper performance of all your duties.

Thank you very much for your desire to help me. Your "intention" does, I am sure, and I appreciate it and am very much touched by it. At the same time there is nothing the matter with me. You must not let the over-enthusiastic speculations of others disturb you. We none of us have a bit more to bear than is good for us and than we can bear with ease, if we behave as we should. The fact that I may have shown evidence of fatigue or something, simply means that I have not been doing what I ought to do, in the way I ought to do it. There is no way out of this conclusion.

Do not forget that, although you may hear many methods discussed, and have a great variety of suggestions made to you, Occultism consists in being good. The object of all this striving, of all our efforts, is to be good. Being good means being like God, like the Master. Prayer, meditation, a rule of life, all these things are simply aids to being good, to being like the Master. Think of them from this point of view. It will give point and reason to them.

Remember, too, that you can be good at home, looking after your house and children, just as well, and more easily, than while doing anything else, anywhere else. The environment the Master has given you is that in which it is easiest for you to grow.

I hope you are not finding this very hot day trying. I have always thought children very warm companions for a hot day!

With kind regards,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 7th, 1916.

DEAR———

* * * * * * *

There is one point upon which I should like to comment. You speak of critical thoughts of others, and you say truly that this comes from self—from self-centredness.

It also comes from misunderstanding. You see the facts, the outer facts, and often there does not appear to be any doubt about them. But your mind misinterprets them, not only misjudging, but actually mistaking their real meaning, and this often causes you pain.

Most of the pain would disappear if you could see truly, could really understand what actually is. Your self-will and self-love stand in the way of this understanding; but you should try for it. Whenever you have pain of this kind, realize that it is a signal that *you* are doing or thinking something wrong. Stop thinking about the event, and search for your wrong attitude and misunderstanding.

* * * * * * *

It seems to me that your occasional practice of doing all day what ———, or some one else wants, regardless of your plans and desires, is an excellent way of thwarting your self-will; but remember that you have the subtle self-will of the woman, which can *want* to be thwarted!

Be good, be kind, be considerate, to servants, to friends, to children, to husband. Seek for ways of doing what has to be done in the way that will be easiest or pleasantest for them, regardless of your way, your will, your desire. Yet use common sense. You are not very well, and you must not over-tax your nerves and strength.

With kindest regards,

I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Instead of deploring that roses have thorns, I am glad the thorny stem is capped with roses and that the tree bears bloom.—JOUBERT.

REVIEWS

The Nile and Egyptian Civilization, by Alexandre Moret; translated by M. R. Dobie; Alfred A. Knoff, New York, 1927; price, $7.50.

This book, like one reviewed in the last issue of the QUARTERLY (*The Migration of Symbols*) belongs to the series entitled the "History of Civilization", edited by C. K. Ogden. M. Moret, a Member of the Institut de France, and Professor at the Collège de France, is well known to Egyptologists, and this latest work of his is wholly convincing in regard to one of the most important aspects of Ancient Egyptian life,—the enduring inner unity which underlay its manifold outer expressions. Many writers, unconsciously attempting the impossible when commenting on the civilization of Ancient Egypt, endeavour to shed light on the subject by approaching it from some pet angle of their own; by an almost impeccable array of historical facts; by a wide survey of cultural habits and mannerisms; by a careful and often (though by no means always) sympathetic analysis of the religious aspects,—the Pantheon, the ritual, life in the temples, and all. These, however, are but isolated rays illuminating some small area for a brief moment. M. Moret has gathered these rays together as the separated rays of the spectrum may be gathered, assuring us that in Ancient Egypt there were "no dividing lines." As the Sacred River kept open the channel of communication from end to end of the "Two Lands," from the austerity of the upper reaches to the low, sweet pasture lands of the Delta, reconciling the sharp contrasts of the long, narrow valley, leaving its peculiar mark on the outer conditions of living, so, we are told, "There were no water-tight compartments separating State from religion, the civil services from the priesthood, profane art from sacred art, science from dogma. In Egypt . . . what we call religious feeling was at the bottom of institutions of all kinds." *Religious feeling*—not religion, for that had many forms; religious feeling, or what in Theosophy we might term a consciousness of the reality and meaning of inner things, was what cemented into one powerful whole, political ideas, art, literary and scientific inquiry. It was this ingrained and deep rooted conviction of the reality of an invisible world, of its closeness to the visible, of the powers which lie hidden from the ordinary senses of men, which made possible the amazing continuity of this most amazing civilization, enabling it to survive all vicissitudes, to leap across vast periods of social and political obscuration, to rise magnificently above the shame of conquest and the humiliations of defeat. In the early, golden days, when Egypt was young, it was in Pharaoh (whom students of Theosophy would think of as the living representative of the Lodge) that the "Sacred Force" was vested, and so long as he remained supreme, the ancient Faith lingered. With the gradual passing of his greatness; when many of the royal obligations were delegated to others; when in short, democracy began to creep in, the "mystical conception of power" began to wane, and while there followed a long period of highly moral tendency, this era was, in fact, moral rather than spiritual. When it had reached the point where there was no longer "the profound feeling that godhead is a vital force, a creative energy," the end was at hand, and Egypt became, according to the words found in an ancient papyrus, "a body without a soul, a chapel without a god." The book closes with a famous Lament written by a Sage who lived in the twilight of Egypt's glory. It is a bitter cry of the heart, because of the passing of the splendour which had once irradiated the "Beloved Land":—"Oh Egypt, Egypt,

of thy doctrines only fables will be left, in which thy posterity will no longer believe, and there will survive only words, engraved on stones, to tell of thy piety."

T. D.

Living India, by Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York, Toronto, 1928; price $3.00.

Under certain heads, the author has compressed much valuable and accurate information concerning India, in a singularly readable book. He has read much, studiously and thoughtfully. He has travelled much in India. He has a gift for descriptive writing. He is eminently fair minded. He has intellectual and moral earnestness; India and her problems have deeply moved him, and he communicates his feeling for India to his readers.

Unfortunately, concerning ancient India, he sees only a part of the truth. This is due in some measure to the confusions introduced by the first generation of English Orientalists of the days of Warren Hastings, whose minds were warped by the false chronology of Archbishop Ussher, with the result that they crowded millenniums into centuries and blurred the perspective of a splendid past. It is in part due to the fact that the white Brahmans have rewritten Indian history in their own interest. Arrogantly claiming to be representatives of the gods on earth, they have so coloured the story of past ages that the real greatness of the more ancient Rajputs is overshadowed. Savel Zimand repeats an ancient parable concerning the four castes, which illustrates this. The Brahmans, says this parable, proceeded from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas, or Rajputs, from the arms of Brahma; the Vaishyas or cultivators, from the waist of the Divinity; the servile Shudras, from his feet. Therefore the Brahmans claim pre-eminence. Yet the true meaning of the parable would seem to be not mystical but geographical. The Divinity here represents the sacred land of India. From the head, the North, where the Five Rivers descend from the Himalayas to the plains, came the white race of the Brahmans, entering through the mountain passes from Central Asia. The arms of India, stretching from Western Rajputana to Ayodhya, the modern Oudh, are the home of the red Rajputs. The yellow Vaishyas cluster across Central India, about the Vindhya Hills. The black Dravidians, from whom were drawn the Shudra caste, inhabit the South, the feet of Brahma Varsha, forming, it may be, a remnant of an ancient Lemurian population.

While he gives us an excellent account of the whole span of Indian history, so far as it can be summed up in a few chapters, and adds many vivid pictures of India to-day, Savel Zimand is especially interested in the movement of the modern reformers, agitators, home-rulers, beginning with the Indian National Congress. While he clearly sees that Brahmans have been the strongest and most intelligent element in all these modern movements, he does not draw the logical conclusion: that this modern agitation is an outcome of Brahman policy, the priestly hierarchy which has so long enslaved India now fighting to prolong their power in a new way, and using the modern weapons of constitutionalism for their own ambitious ends. He does bear testimony to the fact that the Brahmans demand for themselves the highly paid positions now held by Englishmen. But he does not clearly see that, if the fullest demands of the Indian home-rulers were granted to-morrow, the vast majority of toiling peasants would be no better off than before. Priestcraft and the tyranny of landlords, many of them Brahmans, would bear as hardly upon their necks as formerly. The solution of India's problem is not so simple as it appears to the Western friends of the Indian agitators.

J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 341.—*It seems to me that one of the most terrible things in life would be to lose a child,—to miss all the interesting things in the growth of the child. In the next life, that is, after death, does the child grow to maturity as we know it? If so, are there records or pictures of some sort to which a mother may, after her death, have access, and so not entirely lose knowledge of the development of that child?*

ANSWER.—Of one thing we may be certain: nothing in the universe ever permanently separates us from those we love. Love is the strongest bond there is, and will inevitably draw together in future lives, on this and the other side of death, those whose love is real. This drawing together becomes in time an actual union of consciousness, not a watching and yearning from the outside, as at present.

Of course, the real child—the soul—did not die; it had dwelt for a time in a child's body, and then left it. That may have been a young soul or a very old one; in any case, it and all other souls, including the mother's, should go on growing toward "maturity", to a state of splendour beyond our present imagination. That process will take, not a few score years, but thousands of lives. Both "child" and "mother" have already lived many lives before this one, and if they really loved one another, will be drawn together in the future as they were drawn together this time. Obviously, the development of the glorious potentialities of the soul is far more interesting to watch than the growth of a personality for a single life.

In the astral light there are pictures of all that has ever happened. These can be seen by those who have the power and the right to look. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—To lose a dearly loved child must indeed be a grief most difficult to bear. It would be far more terrible, however, to see such a child grow up, if the direction of its growth were toward selfishness and evil. Apart from that, it seems to the present writer that when the querent speaks of missing "all the interesting things in the growth of the child", much has been overlooked. Ask a mother who has brought her child to maturity whether joy or agony were the greater, as she fought for life against death, for virtue against vice, for high standards against bad example; and although she well may put the joy of her achievement first, she will not have forgotten the suffering.

The nature of the after-death states depends entirely upon the stage of evolution attained by the Ego who *was* the child. If, in a future earth-life, I were to die in infancy, I hope most sincerely that it would *not* be necessary for me to "grow to maturity as we know it" in any after-death state; because I hope that I should not have lost my "maturity" in *that* world, when incarnating. No one, however, is robbed of his desire: we find what we seek. The Red Indian finds his "happy hunting-ground"; the mother finds either the baby, or the soul, depending upon which her longing has been fixed. And if it has been fixed on the child she lost, at just that age and of just that sweetness,—she will find the same child awaiting her, utterly unchanged; and the child will grow before her eyes, just as she had longed to see it grow,—and there will be no pain or sorrow or crying, for the former things will have passed away. Yet,—there are better things, for in that world there are "many mansions", and, in the course of time, she may find better, deeper meanings (meaning within meaning) in the promise: "for the former things have passed away". T.

QUESTION NO. 342.—*Observation of the motives from which I habitually act has shown me constant self-reference—the desire to get what I liked, to appear wise and good and yet please self, to avoid what was distasteful or required unwelcome effort, to give others what I thought they ought to want, to stand in the limelight. Or else, my acts were prompted by the lowest possible cause, just nervous energy. Please express this in strictly theosophic terms, using the seven Principles.*

ANSWER.—The phenomena faithfully recorded by the questioner lead one to suppose that his or her self-consciousness is mostly centred in the lower quarternary. The various forms of desire which are outlined, are characteristic of *Kama-Manas*, the mental-emotional nature with which most of us so persistently identify ourselves. *Prana*, the life-force, would seem to be the source of the "nervous energy" which we should control but which usually controls us. *Linga Sharira*, the astral body, may be conceived as a medium preserving the force which is put into every mental or physical act, so that a dynamic memory-image of the act is always present at some level of consciousness. This image tends to produce the desire for repetition of the experience which created it and thus to strengthen the kamic principle. The physical body, *Sthula Sharira*, is the vehicle through which *Kama-Manas*, the *Linga-Sharira* and *Prana* come into contact with the material world.

However, the questioner has a lively conscience, as is proved by the honesty of the self-examination and by the sense of dissatisfaction which the question reveals. *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, has emerged from the condition of abstract potentiality, though it may be far removed from real self-consciousness. *Higher Manas*, the power of aspiration, is overshadowing the lower nature, for otherwise the conscience which is latent in *Buddhi* could have no means of manifestation.

As to the highest principle, *Atma*, it must be present as the essence of all the other principles; but it is probable that only the highest Masters are self-conscious as *Atman*. For the questioner, as for the rest of us, it is the abstract source of all the aspects of our being. It is the rain which falls upon the just and the unjust. It is the divinity which supports and makes possible the whole series of manifested existences. Therefore, as Aquinas said, even the devil, in so far as he has power, is divine.

V. S.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There will be meetings on,—

January 5th and 19th
February 2nd and 16th
March 2nd, 16th and 30th
April 13th and 27th (Convention Meeting)
May 11th and 25th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.